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MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE, THE NEW COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE, the new commander of the Army of the Potomac, was born of American parents at Barcelona, Spain, in 1815, and is consequently forty-eight years of age. He entered West Point from Pennsylvania in 1831, and entered the Third Artillery in 1835. On 26th October, 1836, he resigned his commission and engaged in private pursuits. In 1842 he was appointed to the United States Topographical Engineers, and with that corps served in Mexico, winning several brevets for bravery and good conduct. At the close of the war he was a Captain.

When the rebellion broke out, and President Lincoln called for three hundred thousand volunteers, the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps was raised, and placed under the charge of General M'Call, as division commander, and Generals Reynolds, Meade, and Ord, as brigade commanders. General Meade was then placed in charge of the Second Brigade of that division, and proceeded to organize it at Tennallytown.

When the Army of the Potomac began to move upon Manassas during March, 1862, the division in which General Meade served was attached to the First Corps, then under General M'Dowell. With him they remained north of the Rappahannock until after the battle of Hanover Station, when they were added to the Army of the Potomac, occupying part of the right wing, with division headquarters in the vicinity of Mechanicsville.

On the 20th of June, 1862, he took part in the famous battle of Mechanicsville, where General Stonewall Jackson made such a terrific dash upon General M'Clellan's right wing, and Generals M'Call, Reynolds, and others were taken prisoners. His noble conduct and bravery on this occasion were particularly noticed.

The next day he was engaged under General Fitz John Porter in the battle of Gaines's Mill, and was so distinguished that he was nominated for a brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel for distinguished services during that battle. He also took part in some of the subsequent engagements of the seven days' fight.

At the battle of New Market Cross Roads he was severely wounded, but, under skillful treatment, he recovered, and almost immediately returned to the army, where he took command of the division until the return of Generals M'Call and Reynolds from captivity in Richmond.

When the rebels invaded Maryland and Pennsylvania, after the defeat of General Pope's army, General Reynolds, who had commanded the division, was then detached to organize the Pennsylvania militia, and General Meade was placed in command of the division of Pennsylvania reserves. He led these troops during the eventful battles of South Mountain and Antietam, and when, at the latter battle, General Hooker was wounded and had to leave the field, General Meade for a short time had charge of the Ninth Army Corps, formerly under General Reno.

After General Burnside had been placed in charge of the Army of the Potomac, General Reynolds, who formerly commanded the Pennsylvania reserves, after the retirement of General M'Call, was ordered to command the whole of the First Army Corps, and General Meade was formally placed in command of the division of Pennsylvania reserves. At the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, he greatly distinguished himself, and his division lost very heavily, the brigade commanders and several field officers being placed *hors du combat* during the attack on the rebel right. The whole loss of the division was 1624, being the greatest division loss during the whole of that disastrous fight.

On the 15th of December, 1862, two days after this eventful battle, he was ordered to command the Fifth Army Corps, formerly under General Fitz John Porter, and more recently under General Butterfield. To enable him properly to hold that position he was appointed by the President a Major-General of volunteers, and was regularly nominated to the United States Senate during January, 1863.

During the advance upon Chancellorsville General Meade's corps formed part of the right wing of Hooker's army. The corps started on its march on the 26th day of April, 1863, and arrived at Kelly's Ford on the 28th. The next day it crossed the Rappahannock by that ford and the Rapidan by Ely's Ford. It then pushed on to Chancellorsville, where it arrived on the 30th and engaged the skirmishers of the rebels, taking their rifle-pits and temporary works.

During the fearful contests of the 2d, 3d, and 4th of May General Meade's corps played its part in the same noble manner that had characterized the troops under his special command since the commencement of the war. It bore its part manfully, and in the end covered the retreat of the whole of Hooker's army.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1863.

A CHAPTER OF WALL STREET HISTORY.

IN the next generation old men in Wall Street will illustrate their precepts to their juniors by reference to the case of Harlem Railway stock in 1863. Many observant readers must have noticed the fluctuations of this lively stock during the past three months. Few of them, however, living out of the city, possess the knowledge that is requisite to understand the principle of these fluctuations. For their benefit, and likewise in order to afford some modern philosopher with an opportunity of "pointing a moral," it may be worth while to place on record the history of the Harlem imbroglio.

When, last winter, it became evident to all discerning observers that a combination of adventurers had bought up a majority of both branches of the Legislature, and that any Broadway Railroad Charter which those schemers might think fit to demand would be duly passed, and would probably be signed in due course by his complaisant Excellency Governor Seymour, a number of tax-payers, opposed to a railroad in Broadway, set their wits to work to ascertain if there were no method of defeating, not the bill before the Legislature, but the Legislature itself.

One of them, some ferreting lawyer, discovered an old Act of the Legislature, passed in 1832, which, after reciting that the city had empowered the Harlem Railroad Company to run city cars down to the foot of "the Park," and that the Company had bound itself to use the privilege, conceded to the Company the exclusive right of running city cars in any street, or streets, or avenues in which the City Council might deem it advisable to have such vehicles.

To understand this Act, it must be borne in mind that, when it was passed, city rail-cars were an experiment, and no one could tell whether the Harlem would not lose money by its large outlay for rails in Fourth Avenue and Bowery. The additional privilege was given to the Harlem stockholders as a sort of *bonus* to induce them to make the experiment and to risk the outlay.

Twenty years had elapsed since the passage of this Act. In that time, the feasibility and lucrativeness of city rail-cars had been demonstrated. It was clear that if the Common Council could be got to declare that a city railroad was required in Broadway, the Harlem Company would be entitled, under the Act of 1832, to build it, and would enjoy the right to the exclusion of all rival claimants. Upon this foundation the opponents of the Albany scheme for a Broadway Railroad went to work.

The Common Council was sounded, and it was found, as expected, that members were willing to do any thing if "matters were made pleasant." Allusion was made to the passage in the Gospel which states that the laborer is worthy of his hire. If members were to labor they must have their hire.

After some negotiation all difficulties on this score were adjusted. A sum was mutually settled upon—shall we say $100,000, besides an interest of 20,000 shares of Harlem stock? We don't pretend to know exactly.

Suddenly, at 4 P.M. on an unexpected day, both Boards of the Common Council were called together. The uninitiated had no idea why they met. People who were in the secret whispered that before they rose the Harlem Railroad Company would be authorized to lay rails in Broadway. But the event put them to shame. Both Boards adjourned without even alluding to a railroad in Broadway. There were quarters, however, where it was whispered that the Harlem people had not "put up" the money, and Aldermen and Councilmen were too wary to do business on credit.

Next day, at 1 P.M., the Council met again, and this time the Harlem folks were confident of an ordinance. But again an adjournment was carried; and this time, a little bird said that the friends of the Council required the money to be deposited in the hands of a notorious gambling-house keeper—whom the Harlem people would not trust—while the friends of the Harlem were ready to deposit the money with a leading banker, whom the Aldermen would not trust.

There was another brief session that day at 5 P.M., which adjourned to 9 P.M. without making progress. Before nightfall, however, the Harlem operators became aware that delay was dangerous; that the Albany schemers were aroused, and that injunctions had been applied for. Like wise men, they waived their scruples, and the little bird whispered that the money was "put up" in the hands of the gambling-house keeper. At 9 P.M. the Council met. The Sheriff and Deputy-Sheriff were on hand with injunctions obtained by the rascally Albany rogues, who saw their prey escaping them. They served some members, but not a quorum. They served the Clerk of the Aldermen, but that body, knowing that the money had been deposited with their chosen stake-holder, removed the official, and appointed a Clerk *pro tem*. The Deputy-Sheriffs tried to force their way into the Council Board, but were unceremoniously ejected by the door-keeper, assisted by a chosen party of shoulder-hitters. And so, at half past nine at night, when the tax-payers and parties interested were in sweet unconsciousness, the ordinance was passed granting to the Harlem Company the right to lay rails in Broadway, Fulton, and other streets.

It is presumed that the laborers, whether worthy or not, received their hire. Besides the cash in hand, which was fairly paid over by their stake-holder, they did well on their purchases of Harlem stock. On the evening on which the ordinance was passed the stock sold at 58; the next day it commanded 70; and it rose steadily from that point to 118.

So large profits overset the reason of the friends of the Common Council. In comparison with the thousands thus made in a day or two, street-cleaning schemes, by which a few hundreds were filched, or the sale of votes at $100 a piece, seemed petty and contemptible. The City Fathers had tasted of the waters of Pactolus, and longed for another draught.

They were not long in doubt. If they could create, could they not also destroy? Could not he who had given likewise take away? As the *Herald* beautifully remarked, in justifying the transaction afterward from the point of view of an opponent of a Broadway Railroad, what would become of us if a legislative body could not repeal an act passed in error, or under misapprehension? What, indeed!

Some friends of the Common Council waited upon Commodore Vanderbilt, and gravely informed him that they feared a mistake had been made in granting the franchise to the Company of which he is President. They feared the grant would have to be repealed.

What the Commodore's reply was this chronicler is not prepared to state. He believes, however, that in the course of an unusually long and unusually warlike career, the Commodore has never once allowed himself or any concern under his control to be black-mailed. Under these circumstances, the Common Council delegates may possibly not have been met with a spirit of compromise or even Christian forbearance.

One thing they may have been told, and that was that, if they undertook any ——— rogueries, it might cost them all the money they had previously made by their connection with this affair.

But the City Hall junta, like many other men, are smart in their own sphere, but children out of it. They reasoned that if the passage of the ordinance had put Harlem up from 58 to 118, the repeal of that ordinance would put it down from par to 50. So, in a sweetly innocent way, they "sold Harlem short" all the way from 85—to which point the Commodore had let it drop—to 72.

Now there are 80,000 shares of Harlem. Of these 80,000 the Commodore is supposed to have held 50,000 when this contest commenced, and his confidential friends, knowing the man, may have taken 15,000 more. In charming ignorance of these little facts, the smart schemers of the City Hall sold, for future delivery, at prices ranging from 85 to 72, some 50,000 shares more. Any arithmetician can figure the inevitable result. From 80,000 deduct 65,000, and the balance is 15,000. This was all the stock available for the Common Council deliveries of 50,000. In other words, these smart schemers, these shameless black-mailers, these wretched thieves, who had done so well by passing the grant, and now wanted to do still better by threatening to repeal it, had, in their blind avarice, contracted to deliver 35,000 shares of stock which they could not possibly get except from the very parties whom they were conspiring to rob.

But of this they knew nothing. On 25th, at 5 P.M., extraordinary meetings of the Common Council were held, and both boards went through the farce of repealing the grant to the Harlem Company.

Next morning the Commodore went to work. At an early hour his brokers had orders to take all the Harlem that was offered. From 73 the stock rose steadily, in the face of the ordinance of the Common Council, to 97. Next day it went to 106. A man who had sold 1000 shares on 25th at 72, found himself a loser on 27th of $17,500. Never did fierce March sun melt snow quicker than did the rise in Harlem dissipate the ill-gotten gains of the City Hall junta. They lost thousands in an hour; each minute cost them hundreds.

With sensations akin to those of a thief when he feels the handcuffs click on his wrists they went to the Commodore to beg for mercy. The veteran received them graciously. He was not aware that he had had any transactions with them. Having an unusually large balance at his banker's he had invested it in Harlem stock, of which he entertained a good opinion. He knew not who had sold the stock he had bought. If the gentlemen present were the sellers, he feared they had parted with valuable property at a low price. For his part he didn't see that he had had, or was likely to have, any dealings with them; and wished them a very good-morning.

Foiled, exasperated, and sickened, the rogues slunk back to Wall Street to find that Harlem had gone up 2 per cent. more while they had been suing for mercy. Nor was loss of money their only sorrow. The public had come to understand the game, and fairly reveled in delight at seeing knaves so beautifully caught. No member of the City Hall party could show himself in public without exciting a roar of laughter.

There is no saying how far things might have gone, and how much money the freak might have cost, had it not occurred to some calm and shrewd observers that it was dangerous to provoke the Common Councilmen too far: that if they were "cleaned out" the result would inevitably be that they would replenish their purses, somehow or other, at the expense of the tax-payers. This suggestion was laid before the Commodore by a disinterested third party.

The victor was disposed to be clement.

"Let matters be placed *in statu quo*," said he; "and then I will see what I can do with the outstanding contracts."

Accordingly at 1 P.M., on 29th, the Aldermen met. The following is the official report of their action as printed in the *Herald:*

BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

This Board met at one o'clock P.M. yesterday, President Walsh in the chair.

At a former meeting of the Board a resolution was passed rescinding the grant made to the Harlem Railroad Company which permitted them to extend their line through Broadway.

Alderman Farley now moved to reconsider that action, and to refer the matter to the Committee on Railroads.

City Inspector Boole (honorary member of the Board) was in favor of Alderman Farley's motion, and could give many reasons why the matter should be referred. They should act legally. The Board had passed a resolution giving the Company the charter. It is true they have not put down any rails, and that they were not liable for any damages; but the Harlem Company have purchased all the rails necessary; and the Common Council, having granted the charter, should be very cautious before they violated their agreement.

Alderman Hardy did not think that the Common Council could rescind their grant to the Company; they were bound by every feeling of good faith to maintain their grant, and for that reason he voted at the last meeting against the resolution to rescind it.

Alderman Jeremiah asked if this grant was to be perpetual.

Alderman Hardy answered that it was perpetual, and the Board, if they had had any objection, should have considered the matter before they granted permission for the extension of the railroad. He believed that they could not violate their first action in the case.

The previous action of the Board was accordingly reconsidered, and the whole matter referred to the Committee on Railroads (*i. e.*, the tomb of the Capulets).

So the Aldermen ate the leek. Reporters say they grinned in a ghastly manner over it. The Councilmen may possibly be spared the ignominy of a direct square back down, as, without the concurrence of the Aldermen, their action goes for nothing.

But every one understands that both branches of the Common Council deliberately attempted to black-mail the Harlem Railroad Company; that they were foiled, and severely punished in purse and prestige; and that finally, to save themselves from utter ruin, they acknowledged themselves black-mailers, and ate dirt in the face of the people.

After this let no man complain of the *pede claudo* of Justice.

THE LOUNGER.

THE NEW REBEL POLICY.

JEFFERSON DAVIS has evidently been persuaded to try a policy which he has always disapproved. He has been constantly and bitterly assailed by a party among the rebels for persisting in a policy of defense instead of offense. At the time of his inauguration under an umbrella in Richmond he declared that the rebellion had been trying to defend too extensive a border, and that the truly wise course was a retirement from such outstretched lines.

That this policy was the best for the success of an insurrection like his is undoubtedly true. "Let us alone," is the most captivating cry the rebels can utter, for it provokes the reply from foreign powers, "Why not?" and conciliates sympathy in advance. Besides, in a sparsely-settled country such a policy concentrates strength, binds the population together, and inspires them with the consciousness that they are fighting upon their own soil for their own homes. To take the offensive and advance, is to risk their communications, to expose their rear, to unite their enemy, and to arouse an overwhelming population to fly to arms and to deploy most effectively all their immense resources. It is to take from themselves and give to the enemy the heroic inspiration that springs from actual invasion.

The party which favors this policy has at length prevailed. Nor is their success in procuring its adoption surprising. For, notwithstanding the partial success of the rebel armies in the field, the rebel cause itself did not prosper. The stringency of the blockade; the passivity of Europe; the adaptation of trade to the loss of cotton; the acquiescence of the loyal States in a long war; their prosperity while it raged; the steady ripening of public sentiment in the matter of conscription and emancipation; the constant improvement in military skill and invention; and the gradual but sure reduction of the area of the rebellion, have at length made it palpable to the rebel chiefs that their only hope of prolonging the struggle lies in adopting a policy of offense. And they have opened their offensive campaign all along the line from Portland to Pittsburg.

The movement is not to be deprecated by us. It is the surest test they could have applied to the loyalty of the land. It reveals the situation to us and to the world plainly. It puts us to the trial of our veracity. It proves our patriotism. It strips off masks and silences rhetoric. It says to us, "If you mean fight, fight." And who does not wish to know exactly where we stand? Who is not glad that now we shall see whether we mean what we say, and what doubtless we sincerely think we mean? If it affect the whole country with paralysis instead of indignant inspiration, we shall know that we are conquered. If it brings the whole loyal land to its feet, demanding that the Government of the United States shall summon every United States citizen to arms, and to see that he is drilled every week, it will do what we believe it will, and secure a unity such as we have not had, and a peace such as good men pray for.

THE LESSON OF THE HOUR.

THE invasion of Pennsylvania is mortifying. A march of the rebels upon Philadelphia would be disastrous. But it will not be without its advantages, if it teaches us that we can make war only in a warlike way. Every lesson that we have

learned in this war we have learned by being taken by the throat; but we have learned them one after the other.

It will be so in this case. Looking at the matter plainly, as it stands to-day, there is obviously no reason why any column of trained rebel troops, twenty thousand strong, should not move directly upon Harrisburg and Philadelphia, or Baltimore. Certainly no man doubts that a cavalry troop of five hundred, for instance, could enter New York from the Pennsylvania line in the neighborhood of Elmira, make a swoop around as far as the Canada line, and escape by a different route. What would the chance companies of raw men hurried together be able to effect against a trained troop of desperadoes? What could the regiments of Pennsylvania militia, totally unused to military action, effect against one of Lee's army columns?

Thus, if the rebels burn Harrisburg before these words are printed, the shame will be, not that the city is burned, but that it could be burned. In other words, that Pennsylvania has felt so little the need of a warlike basis of society during a civil war, that she has lain at the mercy of any daring guerrilla. From the stinging nettle let us pluck the flower. Let us understand that we can not cope with a military nation upon our own soil but by becoming ourselves a military nation. Every man should be a soldier; habituated to arms; regularly drilled; subject to sudden calls, and arranging his affairs with that chance in view. Then the approach of the rebel horde would make the border of every loyal State bristle with skillful soldiers.

But, if we are unwilling to do this, we are unwilling to carry on the war; and we shall learn that, to avoid the war we have, we have engaged in worse wars. For the present alternative is not war or peace. It is *this* war, in which, at least, by a little effort, we are spared the ravage of our own homes, or a war in every State, county, and town—an open, bloody war of neighbors and kindred.

APATHY.

A few weeks ago we all said, "When Grant takes Vicksburg and Banks Port Hudson, the rebellion is mainly conquered." We do not say so to-day. In fact, when it appears that Lee is pushing out of Virginia northward and Banks assaults Port Hudson with a bloody repulse, and Vicksburg still holds out, there are those who cry with an impatient despair, "Well, we can't do it!"

Can't do what? If you are fighting for your life what do you mean when you say that you can't do it? Simply that you can't help being murdered. So if we can not subdue the rebels it is because they can conquer us; and do we fully comprehend what that means? Disunion, separation, humiliation, private and public ruin, are not all it means. It means war in every town of the land except in the victorious slave States. It means the overthrow of every principle of popular government. It means anarchy in every State; finally mastered by a military despotism and the establishment of the most inhuman system of society that ever disgraced the annals of mankind.

If, in so solemn and perilous a crisis, men are apathetic, it is because they do not in the least conceive the consequences of apathy. It is because they think that the war ought to stop upon any terms, forgetting that it can stop upon no other terms than such as make peace unproductive of all results for which it is desired.

RETALIATION.

It is amusing to remark the righteous indignation of Copperhead patriots at the excursions of Montgomery at the South, and their profound silence over the ravages of the rebel pirates upon our shipping. It is a fruit of the same devoted regard for the Union and the country which compels this kind of patriot to denounce and belie the conduct of the war against rebellion, and to omit all but the most mannerly reproof of rebellion itself. If the Government of the United States, hard pressed by arms, seeks to weaken its enemy by depriving him of the services of slaves, Copperhead patriotism explodes at the unconstitutionality, radicalism, fanaticism, and wickedness of the act. But if the rebels drive slaves to build forts from behind which our men may be conveniently slaughtered, or if they keep slaves working in the field to feed the men who are destroying the Government, or if they arm them to shoot us, Copperhead patriotism is a dumb dog. It finds nothing unconstitutional, radical, or wicked in such a course. The rebels have been "irritated"—they feared that justice would not be done to them in the Union, and have "withdrawn;" therefore their fears should be allayed by receiving a solemn promise that they shall always govern the country at their own sweet wills, and without question or opposition.

Now the war which the rebels have compelled the people of this country to wage against them is, like all wars, terrible. But they knew and know that reprisals and retaliation are a legitimate method of war. They know, and the whole world knows, that when a company of rebels hang prisoners of any complexion, the friends of those prisoners are perfectly justified in hanging rebel prisoners in turn. When the rebels hung black soldiers the other day in the Southwest, the black soldiers instantly and properly retaliated by hanging rebel prisoners in sight of the rebel lines. If Jeff Davis's Generals think fit to execute his threat and murder the captured officers of our black regiments, no man in his senses doubts that, man for man, the captured rebel officers in our possession will be destroyed. And this will be in obedience to the first and most essential rule of warfare—that if the enemy wantonly destroy life or property, he must be restrained from continuing to do so in the only practicable way, by retaliation.

The rebels have now for two years devastated the defenseless private property of loyal citizens at sea, and they now complain, through the Copperhead mouths of their friends, that their own unprotected private property is destroyed. The men who own and authorize and defend the depredations of pirates at sea protest with pious horror against what they call piracy on land. But if Jeff Davis authorizes Captain Semmes to burn Mr. Low's ship at sea, why should not the President of the United States authorize Colonel Montgomery to burn Mr. Howell Cobb's house on land? Do we propose to make war without reprisals? Do we mean to allow an immunity of ravage? Or is it said that we ought to stop the pirates by our navy? That is doubtless a good thing to do, and we all hope it will be done. But we are to deal not only with pirates, but with piracy. Our cruisers, let us hope, will take care of the individual ships, but the Government must take care of the spirit which fits out those ships; and that is most effectually done by retaliation—by striking the enemy exactly the kind of blow that he strikes us. Nor is the moral guilt the same; for he strikes wantonly, and we to prevent his striking.

HOW OTHERS SEE US.

It is the misfortune of the Administration that it must be judged by impatience rather than by intelligence. We are all so anxious to subdue the rebels that we insist there shall be an overpowering force on every point at which they appear; that every pirate shall be at once swept from the sea; that every threatened army shall be at once overwhelmingly reinforced; that every movement of the enemy shall be baffled, and every battle lost by him; that, in fine, no mistakes shall be made upon our side, no defeats encountered, and that at every moment the subjugation of the enemy shall seem to be imminent and decisive.

This is natural. We know our power, and we wish it all to be brought to bear effectively and promptly. We chafe at every moment's delay, and we hasten to ascribe to imbecility what may be more justly attributed to a different view of expediency. And it may therefore comfort some impetuous soul to know that the rebels, who are so constantly praised for ability, vigor, and rapidity, criticise their own authorities just as harshly as we censure ours, and praise us for precisely the same qualities that we commend them. Thus in Pollard's rebel history of the first year of the war, in which the fight between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, and the battle of Shiloh, are claimed as "Confederate" victories, we find this kind of remark upon the rebel management:

"The authorities at Richmond appeared to hope for results without the legitimate means for acquiring them; to look for relief from vague and undefined sources; and to await with dull expectation what was next to happen....Some other agency than the natural spirit and hardihood of men was necessary in the conduct of a war, in the nineteenth century, against a nation which had given such unquestionable proofs as the North had of quick and abundant resource, mental activity, and unflagging hope....

"Of the political measures adopted by the South in furtherance of the objects of the war but a few words need be said. They are justly described as weak and halting responses to the really vigorous acts of the Northern Government in its heartless but strong and effective prosecution of the war.... The Confederate Government, in the midst of a revolution that threatened its existence, continued to rely on the wretched shift of twelve months' volunteers and raw militia, with a population that, by the operation of conscription, could have been embodied and drilled into an invincible army, competent not only to oppose invasion at every point of our frontier, but to conquer peace in the dominions of the enemy....It was a remarkable circumstance that the North had, at all stages of the war, adopted the best means for securing specific results."

Is not this precisely the manner in which we are accustomed to criticise the action of the Government, and to applaud the energy of the rebellion? It is impossible that all action should not seem blundering and imperfect to those who demand perfect wisdom and uniform success. Our conduct of the war may be fairly censured in many ways. But is it so utterly imbecile as our impatience often believes?

ADMIRAL FOOTE.

A good man, a true soldier, a faithful citizen, an honored officer, is dead. At the moment when he is about going to a new sphere of duty, followed by the confidence and love of the people, he dies, and that love and confidence can only recount his virtues and his services, and bewail the nation's great loss. Admiral Foote was early distinguished in the war by his reduction of Fort Henry and the gallant management of the Western flotilla. The vigor, the rapidity, the success of his warlike operations gave him a hold upon the popular heart which was only confirmed and strengthened by the simplicity, purity, and fidelity of his religious character. Neither a bigot, a fanatic, nor a zealot, he was—what many a religious bigot is not—an honorable man. An American citizen, and a sworn officer under the American flag, no other authority and no other flag, under whatever specious pretense, confused his conscience or betrayed his honor. His friends to-day, and history hereafter, will have no terrible excuse to make for him. They will not be obliged to contrast his heroism with his treachery, nor his religion with his infamy; but the praises of his Christian fervor and bravery and ability will be forever unalloyed.

Admiral Foote dies at a moment of chagrin in the war. He dies at a time when we can ill spare a tried and true leader. His name is added to the shining list of heroes who have died in the noblest service; cheerfully obedient, full of faith, believing in the cause, in the country, in his countrymen, steadily holding the flag of hope and humanity:

> And if some hour seem dark with doom,
> That sacred banner lifted higher,
> Shall flash away the gathering gloom,
> With inextinguishable fire.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A country paper, in recommending early rising and walking, says, "Morning interviews with Nature are delightful." "Susan," said a young lady, "when you kindle the fire to-morrow morning open the window, so if Nature wants an interview she may come in and have it."

Elementary Instruction.—On a day of grand popular rejoicing, when the fountains, and the Bengal lights, rockets, and Roman candles, had been all brought into active requisition, a clever little boy, upon being asked which of the two elements he would sooner be, "fire or water?" answered "water;" and this was the subtle reason he gave for it: "Don't you see the fire-*works*, but the water always plays." That boy, we are afraid, will never be President.

Molière was asked the reason why, in certain countries, the king may assume the crown at fourteen years of age, and can not marry before eighteen? "It is," answered Molière, "because it is more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom."

A young lady, in a class studying Physiology, made answer to a question put, that in six years a human body became entirely changed, so that not a particle which was in it at the commencement of the period would remain at the close of it. "Then, Miss L——," said the young tutor, "in six years you will cease to be Miss L——." "Why, yes, Sir, I suppose so," said she, very modestly, looking at the floor.

Madame R——, who is still a coquette in her quite advanced maturity, went recently to a private evening party, after eleven o'clock. "How late you are, my charmer!" said the mistress of the house to her, reprovingly. "I am quite ashamed," answered Madame R——; "but my maid is so very slow; she takes more than an hour and a half to do my hair." "Fortunately," observed one of her friends, "you are not obliged to stay at home while she is doing it."

"There is a pleasurable sensation," said that great philanthropist, Dr. Smellfungus, "in hearing the person who has done us a service abused." "And why, Sir?" inquired a lady, who overheard the charitable observation. "Because, my dear madam," was the Doctor's logical reply, "it seems to lessen the obligation we owe the rascal ourselves."

A Cockney sportsman being out one day amusing himself with shooting, happened to fire through a hedge, on the other side of which was a man, standing or leaning, no matter which. The shot passed through the man's hat, but missed the bird. "Did you fire at me, Sir?" he hastily asked. "Oh no, Sir," said the shrewd sportsman; "I never hit what I fire at."

In the days of the volunteers Mr. Ker commanded a company, which he duly drilled and paraded; but his recruits were a particularly awkward squad—they never could draw up in a straight line, do what he might. "Oh!" he cried one day, holding up his hands in horror as he looked along the front rank; "Oh, what a bent row! Just come out, lads, and look at it yourselves."

"Pay me that six-and-eightpence you owe me, Mr. Mulrooney," said a village attorney, "for the opinion you had of me." "Faith, I never had any opinion of you in all my life."

Why are photographers the most uncivil of all tradespeople?—Because when we make application for a copy of our portrait they always reply with a negative.

An Irish gentleman having a small picture-gallery, several persons wished to see it at the same time. "Faith, gentlemen," said he, "if you all go in it will not hold you."

If there is "many a slip 'twixt the *cup* and the lip," will drinking out of the *saucer* insure freedom from such mishap?

The person who was terribly "cut up" by the sad news received has been lately sewn together by the "thread of discourse."

"The impulse of the moment," as the soda-water said to the cork when the string was cut.

"I can't reconcile differences," said Septimus Hardup. "For instance, there is nothing more regular in its coming round than dinner-time, and nothing less certain than dinner."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE INVASION OF THE NORTH.

In our last number we mentioned that rebel cavalry had made their appearance in Maryland and Pennsylvania. They have since been followed by infantry and artillery, and at the present time the whole of Lee's army must be on Northern soil. General Ewell, leading the advance, occupied Chambersburg on 23d, Shippensburg on 25th, and thence moved Northward—his pickets reaching the Susquehanna, opposite Harrisburg, on 29th. General Knipe fell back from Carlisle on 25th to Kingston, and thence to the other side of the Susquehanna. Meanwhile another rebel force of all arms occupied Gettysburgh on 26th. On 27th General Longstreet's corps crossed the Potomac at Williamsport; and on the following day General Lee crossed, and took up his quarters at Hagerstown. On 28th a rebel force took possession of York and Mechanicsburg, our troops retiring without fighting; on the same day Colonel Frick—in command at Wrightsville, opposite Columbia, on the Susquehanna—had a sharp skirmish with the rebel advance, but was driven across the river with the loss of about 100. In retiring he burned the bridge, which cost over $1,000,000. In occupying York the rebel General Early levied a contribution of a quarter of million dollars on the town in money and produce under penalty of its destruction. On the morning of 30th the rebels appeared to occupy the whole west bank of the Susquehanna—with the exception of some works opposite Harrisburg—from a short distance north of Harrisburg to some distance south of Columbia: all the roads leading to the Susquehanna from Southern Pennsylvania and Maryland; and commanding positions on the Upper Potomac and the Northern Central Railroad. Our militia—from New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey—were mostly on the Susquehanna River and at Baltimore. The army of the Potomac is in Maryland—at what points it is now contraband to state. It is now commanded by General Meade, *vice* Hooker removed, and has been largely reinforced from Fortress Monroe and Norfolk. Both the army under Meade, and the militia in Pennsylvania are in large numbers, and should be able to give a good account of the enemy. On the afternoon of 30th the rebel advance fell back, and General Lee appeared to be concentrating his forces. York was evacuated, and so was the country opposite Harrisburg, whereupon General Couch crossed the river and moved forward. Gettysburgh was occupied by our forces, and the report was that a battle would probably be forced in the neighborhood of Shippensburg, unless the rebels fled westward into the Cumberland Valley.

GENERAL HOOKER'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

GENERAL ORDER—No. 65.

Head-quarters, Army of the Potomac,
Frederick, Md., *June* 28, 1863.

In conformity with the orders of the War Department, dated June 27, 1863, I relinquish the command of the Army of the Potomac. It is transferred to Major-General George G. Meade, a brave and accomplished officer, who has nobly earned the confidence and esteem of the army on many a well-fought field. Impressed with the belief that my usefulness as the commander of the Army of the Potomac is impaired, I part from it, yet not without the deepest emotion. The sorrow of parting with the comrades of so many battles is relieved by the conviction that the courage and devotion of this army will never cease nor fail; that it will yield to my successor, as it has to me, a willing and hearty support. With the earnest prayer that the triumph of its arms may bring successes worthy of it and the nation, I bid it farewell.

Joseph Hooker,
Major-General.

S. F. Barstow, Acting Adjutant-General.

GENERAL MEADE ASSUMES COMMAND.

This order was followed by the subjoined address from General Meade:

GENERAL ORDER—No. 66.

Head-quarters, Army of the Potomac,
June 28, 1863.

By direction of the President of the United States, I hereby assume command of the Army of the Potomac. As a soldier, in obeying this order, an order totally unexpected and unsolicited, I have no promises or pledges to make. The country looks to this army to relieve it from the devastation and disgrace of a hostile invasion. Whatever fatigues and sacrifices we may be called upon to undergo, let us have in view constantly the magnitude of the interests involved, and let each man determine to do his duty, leaving to an all-controlling Providence the decision of the contest. It is with just diffidence that I relieve in the command of this army an eminent and accomplished soldier, whose name must ever appear conspicuous in the history of its achievements; but I rely upon the hearty support of my companions in arms to assist me in the discharge of the duties of the important trust which has been confided to me.

George G. Meade,
Major-General Commanding.

S. F. Barstow, Assistant Adjutant-General.

GENERAL ROSECRANS IN MOTION.

The news from Tennessee indicates the opening of a campaign for General Rosecrans's army. With the exception of one division, his whole force moved on 24th. On Wednesday and Thursday, the 24th and 25th ult., the advance of General M'Cook's column had brisk skirmishes with a rebel brigade in Guy's Gap, in which our loss was 225 killed and wounded. At eighteen miles south of Murfreesboro no enemy in force had been met with. Bragg was said to be at Tullahoma, where Rosecrans was moving to attack him.

THE SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON.

Advices from General Banks have been received by the Department to the effect that on the 14th ult. having established his batteries within three hundred and fifty yards of the rebel works at Port Hudson, after a vigorous cannonade, he summoned General Gardner to surrender. On his refusal an assault was made, and our forces gained positions within fifty to a hundred yards of the enemy's works, which they held. General Paine was severely wounded. General Banks expressed himself confident of success. Our loss in the assault was severe, and our repulse undoubted.

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

The latest news from Vicksburg, by way of Cairo, is to the 25th ult. The cannonading on the 20th was terrific from the army and the gun-boats. At the close of the day General Logan blew up one of the rebel works, and occupied the ground. Otherwise the siege was progressing favorably. The movements of General Johnston continue wrapt in mystery. He had gone beyond the Big Black, and was reported moving southward. All the rivers and streams were rising.

THE PANIC IN PHILADELPHIA.

The greatest alarm and activity prevails in Philadelphia. The Mayor and General Dana have issued stirring proclamations, appealing to the citizens to prepare to defend their homes.

The coal-dealers held a meeting, and resolved to close their collieries till the crisis has passed, and to enable the miners to volunteer. The merchants have resolved to raise a million of dollars. All the stores are to be closed, and the men employed in them forwarded for the defense of the city and State. The men who leave their employment are to be paid their usual salary during their absence.

The Board of Brokers raised $25,000, to be divided among 500 men who may enlist for the emergency. A resolution was also adopted to adjourn at 3 o'clock every afternoon, to give members an opportunity to drill. The clergymen offered their services to the Mayor to labor on the fortifications.

A line of intrenchments around the city was commenced on 30th ult.

A UNION RAID TO THE SOUTH ANNA.

From the White House, on the Pamunky River, we learn the full details of Colonel Spear's operation to the South Anna, the capture of the rebel General Fitz Hugh Lee, a rebel colonel, a blockade running captain, and over two hundred other prisoners. Lee was captured at the house of a friend while he was trying to recover from his wound received at Kelly's Ford. A skirmish occurred at Hanover Court House, where our troops came out conquerors. A rebel baggage train on the way to Richmond, and of great value, was captured and destroyed, and with over a thousand saddles. The railroad bridge at White House was saved, and the whole expedition was a complete success.

UNION RAID IN EAST TENNESSEE.

The expedition recently sent into East Tennessee reports officially to General Burnside, through Colonel Saunders, commanding, that his troops struck the railroad at Lenoir, destroyed the road up to Knoxville, and made a demonstration against that city, so as to have the troops drawn from above, destroyed the railroad track and started for Strawberry Plains, burned the State creek bridge, three hundred and twelve feet long, and the Strawberry Plain bridge, one thousand six hundred feet long; also the Mossy creek bridge, three hundred and twenty-five feet long. They also captured three pieces of artillery, some two hundred boxes of artillery ammunition, over five hundred prisoners and one thousand stand of arms, and destroyed a large amount of salt, sugar, flour, meal, saltpetre, and one saltpetre work and other stores. He found the rebel force in East Tennessee larger than he had supposed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

EARL RUSSELL ON THE BLOCKADE.

Earl Russell stated in the House of Lords that the blockade maintained by the American fleet was sufficiently efficient to entitle it to be observed. He believed also that there was every desire on the part of the American Government to prevent injustice from being done to neutrals.

APPEAL OF PRO-SLAVERY PARSONS.

A large number of clergymen in the rebel States had joined in an appeal to England, invoking her aid to put an end to the war. They declare that the restoration of the Union is impossible. The London *Herald*, organ of the British aristocrats, and lately purchased by the rebels, attributes great importance to the paper.

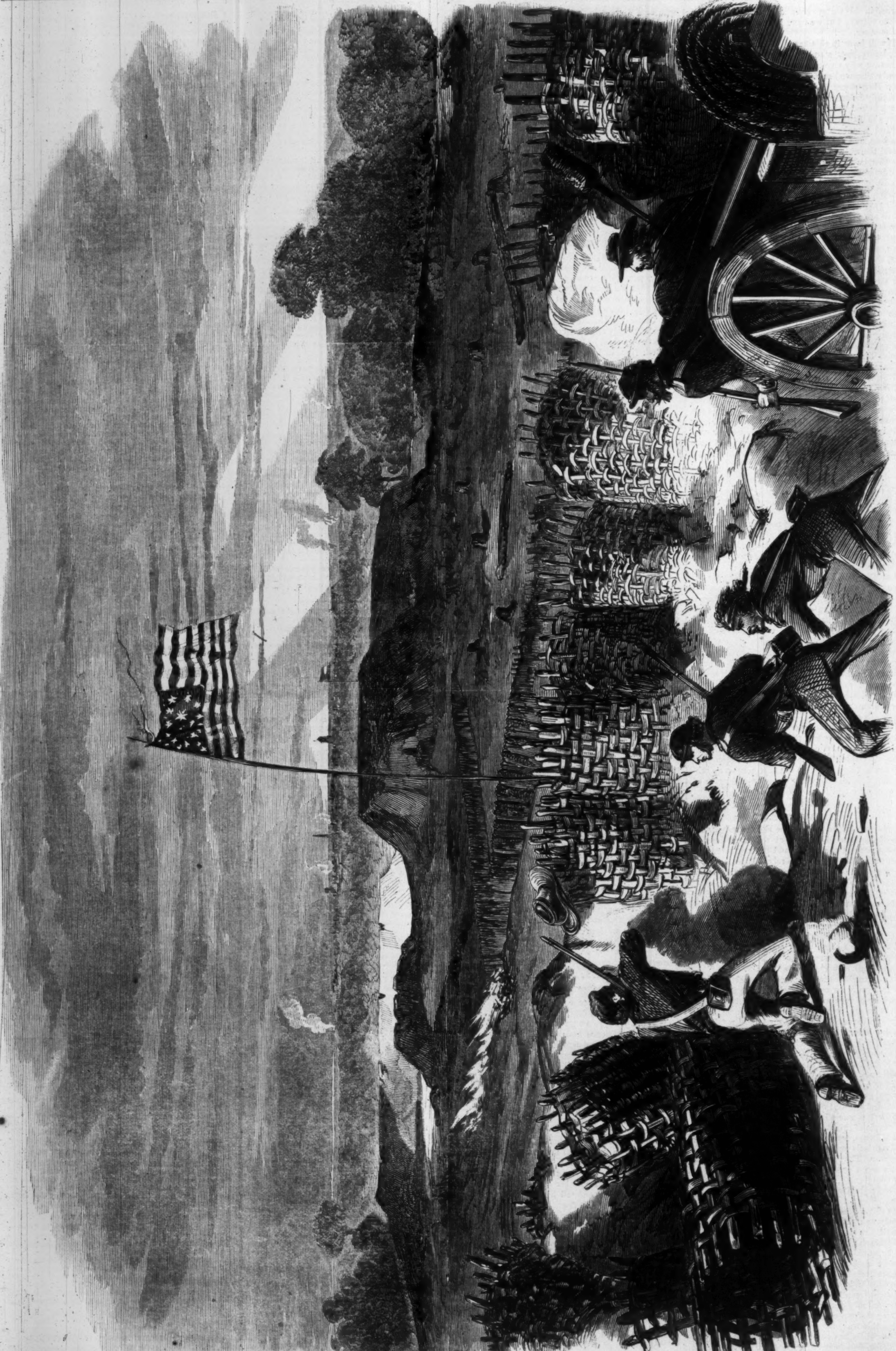
MASON AND CONWAY.

An American Abolitionist named Conway, in London, attempted to negotiate the basis of a peace treaty with Mr. Mason, the rebel commissioner, on the ground of a promise of negro emancipation by the Southerners. Conway said that if this pledge were given the Abolition leaders in the North would "oppose the further prosecution of the war," and cause it to cease by the "immediate withdrawal of every kind of supplies." Mr. Mason did not commit himself or his cause in any way. He inquired for Conway's credentials from the Abolitionist party, and he failed to produce them.

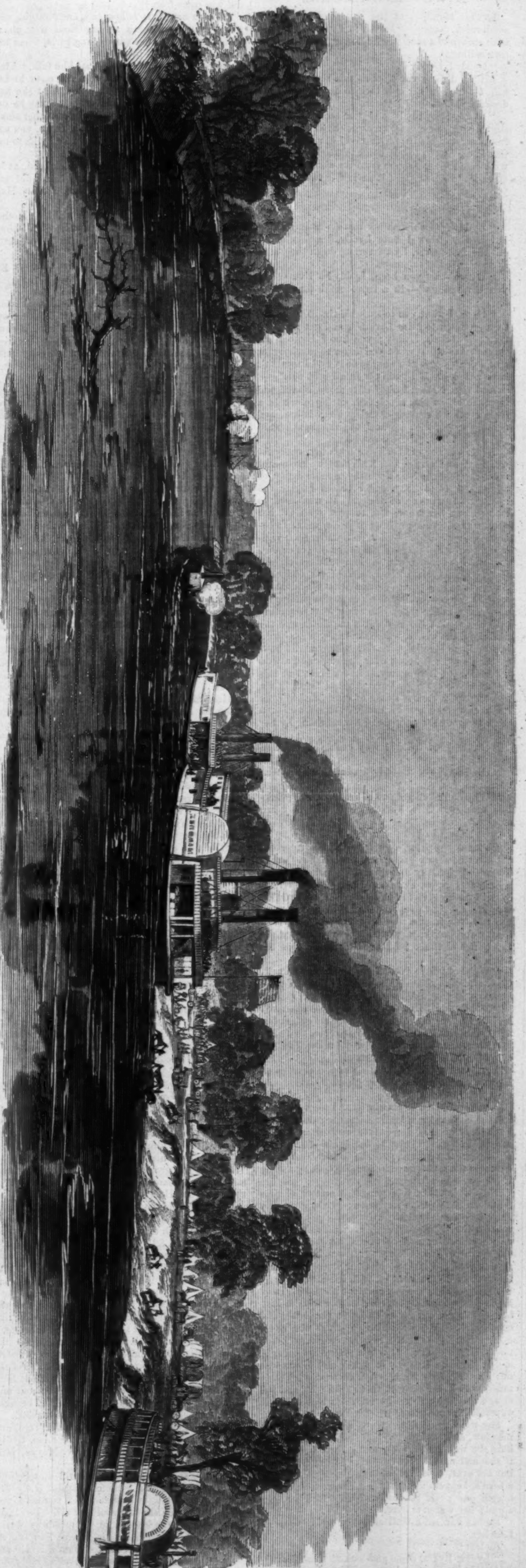
FRANCE.

REJOICING OVER THE FALL OF PUEBLA.

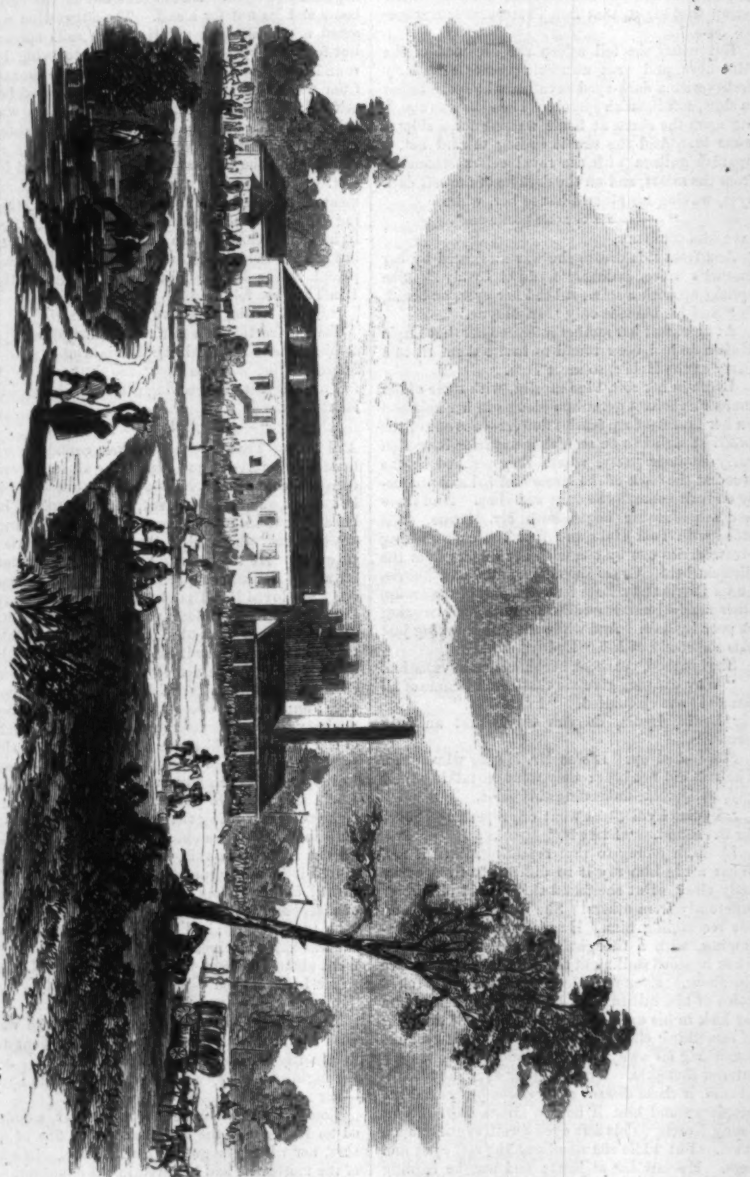
The official report of the fall of Puebla caused much joy to Napoleon. He forwarded a letter of thanks to General Forey, in which he disclaims the idea of a permanent rule by conquest. The order for reinforcements for the army was countermanded.



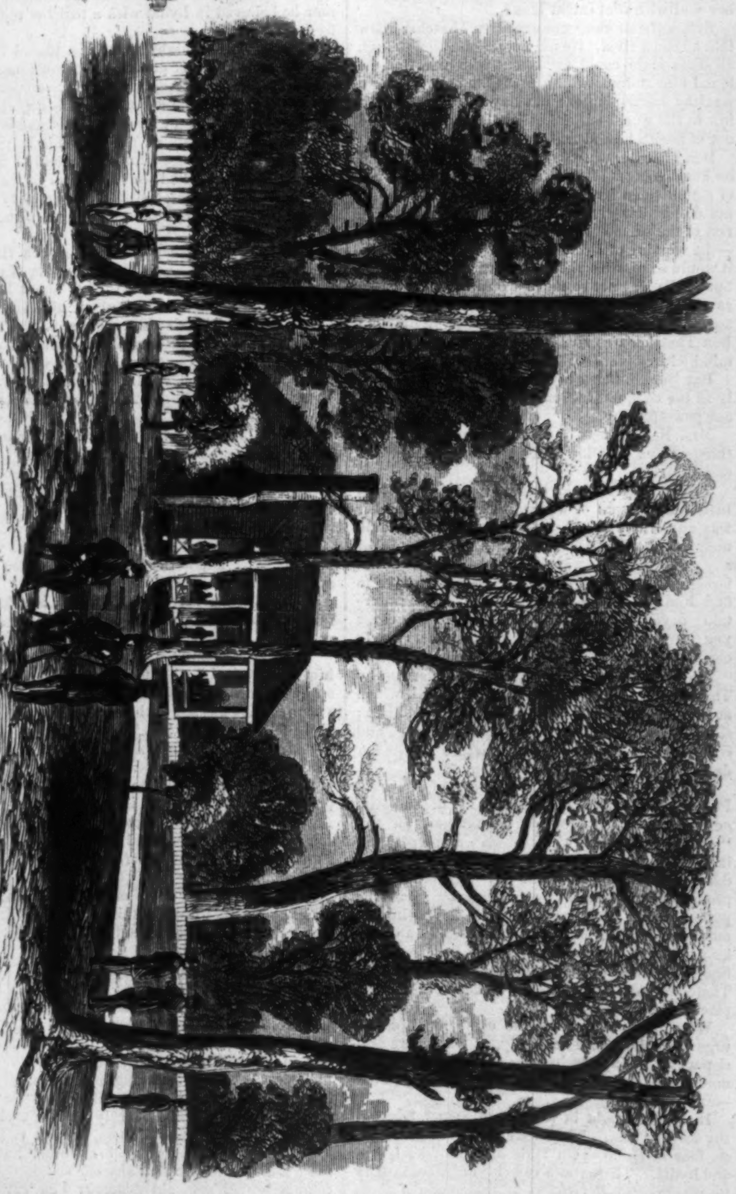
THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG—APPROACH OF McPHERSON'S SAPS TO THE REBEL WORKS.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 446.]



VIEW OF SPRINGFIELD LANDING, BELOW PORT HUDSON, LOUISIANA—A DEPÔT OF SUPPLIES FOR BANKS'S ARMY.—From a Drawing by Mr. J. R. Hamilton.—[See Page 446.]



THE SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON—GENERAL PAINE'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT CHAMBERS'S SUGAR-HOUSE.—[See Page 446.]



THE SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON—HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL BANKS AT RILEY'S PLANTATION.—[See Page 446.]

A WOMAN'S CHOICE.

Lydia, standing at the small mirror in her small room, decorating herself in a speculative way with sprays of a scarlet wild-flower, heard her mother calling,

"Lyddy! Lyddy!"

All the dreams vanished at this sound, and the soft, far look in her eyes, which accompanied the dreams, vanished with them.

"Lyddy! Lyddy!" and the second call was slightly impatient. Down came the scarlet sprays from hair and breast. One vivid flower, clinging tenaciously to its lovely neighborhood, was pulled with remorseless fingers from an obstinate snare of curls, bringing with it as it fell two or three yellow hairs for company.

And still:

"Lyddy! Lyddy!"

"Lyddy! I *do* wish my name was any thing but Lydia. How I hate Lyddy!" and, flinging out the last flower, Lydia sprang down the stairs in answer to her summons.

"Where *have* you been, Lyddy? I've called you three times"—in a reproachful tone; adding,

"Here, I want you to sprinkle the clothes, and then go down to Miss Larkin's, and get my bonnet. Now *don't*, Lyddy; you know Hannah always makes a fuss when you throw so much water on. I don't s'pose you want to do it, and I wouldn't have asked you if I hadn't been all beat out."

And Mrs. Nelson looked still more injured and reproachful, as she concluded, sitting down in a little creaking rocking-chair by the window, and fanning herself with a branch of palm that Captain Nelson had brought from over seas.

Lydia felt her mother's eye upon her, ready for comment and criticism. This fact by no means made her fold the long linen sheets more deftly, or administer from her slender brown fingers the nicest measurement of water. It was hard to smooth out her brow, too, to part with all her dreams, and *seem* as willing to do her mother's behest as she really wanted to feel, under such vigilant observation. There was *such* a pile of clothes too, and the kitchen was so sunny and warm, and it was almost six o'clock, and at six o'clock—And here at this point of speculation she blushed, and a brown bee took her cheek as he was passing for a rose, and as she shook him away went humming over her head of the cool sweet meadows, and the fields, and the woods, where the honey was a-making, and one lane in particular, where a wild honey-suckle went running over the wall, and a wild red rose kept it company. Lydia sighed at this tale of the bee a little low "Ah me!" and, in her preoccupation, such a swash of water dashed from her hand upon one of her brother's shirts, and then she was brought to a sense of her misdoing by her mother's voice exclaiming,

"Oh, Lyddy! Lyddy! why can't you be more careful?"

"Oh dear!" ejaculated Lydia; and, in a moment more,

"Why don't you get one of those patent sprinklers, mother? Mrs. Fish has one; and they are so nice."

Mrs. Nelson looked disgusted.

"Patent sprinkler a good deal!" she retorted. "I don't need any patent sprinklers for *my* work. Them'll do for lazy folks;" and she jerked her cap a little farther on, and fanned herself energetically with the great leaf of palm. Lydia's suggestion was not a happy one, and silence again fell upon the two, which was presently broken by a voice, hearty and heavy, just outside the window, while the owner of the voice leaned his arms upon the window-sill.

"Wa'al, Lyddy, you seem to be hard at it. Good-afternoon, Miss Nelson. Lyddy's goin' to be as smart as you 'fore long, I see."

"Lyddy don't like work very well," answered Mrs. Nelson, resignedly. "Wants me to get her a patent sprinkler for sprinkling clothes, Cap'n."

"Patent sprinkler, hey! why, my wife's got one, Miss Nelson; says it beats all."

Mrs. Nelson bridled, and out of the corners of Lydia's brown eyes a merry gleam sparkled and danced.

The jolly old sailor caught it, and went on lauding the clothes-sprinkler in a manner that would have made his good dame stare in amazement; but Mrs. Nelson wasn't going to stand this—to be beaten on her own ground; so she suddenly sent the captain on a much more interesting tack by asking if the *Barcelona* had been spoken.

No wonder that this proved a matter of profounder interest than any other, for the good ship *Barcelona* contained the very pride of his heart, the darling of his old age, young Tom Hale his only son. A long talk followed between the two elders now, of and concerning the sea, in which lay so much of the interest of their lives, and while they talked Lydia went on with her dreams.

And by-and-by the last garment was folded away in the basket, and Lydia took down her palm-leaf hat, another of her father's foreign treasures, and one which, like the Spanish ear-rings she wore, came under her mother's disapprobation, as much too fanciful and fine. It was a pretty hat though, and it shaded a face whose youth and bloom was not its chief loveliness. A face that suggested much more in the earnest, thoughtful eyes and the clear broad brow than the arch lips had ever yet expressed, or the young heart had ever known.

She went along through the woods, crossed the meadow, and came out by honey-suckle lane; and here she walked demurely and soberly enough, as if she had no interest whatever in that vicinity; but her eyes, those bright brown eyes, as eager as a bird's, kept up incessant but covert watch. At length one swift glance, and they look straight ahead; her watch is over.

He has vaulted a wall and is hurrying to overtake her.

At last:

"Lydia, Lydia, come and look at these roses."

At this she turns, a little quick start.

"Why, Ben, how you frightened me! Where *did* you come from?"

Ben is a handsome fellow, tall, and straight, and broad-shouldered, with an imperious way about him that is so taking with young girls, when the possessor is tall and handsome.

As you look at him, as you hear him talk, taking it for granted that Lydia wants red roses in her hat, because he wants them there, that she had rather go round by the old mill, because he declares it the pleasantest, and a hundred other small points where he never consults but leads, you can readily see what an instinct it was for Lydia to use all her art of reserve.

"I say, Lydia!" he suddenly exclaimed, as he was sticking the red roses in her hat, "did you know that the *Barcelona* is in, and Tommy Hale here for the summer?"

"No! oh how glad Cap'n Hale will be! Mother was just asking him about it; and he didn't know that she was in yet. Let us go back and carry him the news."

"Nonsense, he'll be gone by the time we get back; why, it's half a mile or more."

"But if we turn now we *must* meet him."

"And that will make a mile and three quarters for your walk. Come, the Cap'n will find it out soon enough without our going on such a rummage."

Lydia hesitated a moment, then her color came and a resolute look into her eyes. She turned about, saying:

"*I* shall go back."

The young man stood a moment hesitating too. She had gone on a dozen steps when he joined her with an "Oh, bother!"

"You needn't have come back with me," said Lydia, with a flash of spirit.

"No, I needn't; but I couldn't well stay away, you know, Lydia."

The glance that accompanied these words meant every thing. The girl's blush roses deepened to a color that matched the wild red ones on her hat, but she was very silent. Did she wait for something more? When he spoke again, however, it was not at all in this strain, and there was a shade on his listener's face.

"What a good-natured little goose you are, Lydia!"

That was all; and he was idly stripping the bark from a willow branch, as he spoke, and immediately followed the low humming of a tune that seemed to separate their lives to her ear; for it was a foreign air, and the words were in a foreign tongue.

Lydia lifted a covert glance at him as he strode thus at her side, full of conscious strength and power.

How handsome he was, and how manly! How much he knew of the world; and, after all, she rather liked his cool autocratical way.

A few steps more and these thoughts were broken in upon by:

"Wa'al, Lyddy, you've been spry; guess your ma ain't expecting ye quite so soon."

Then Lydia, fluttering and brimming over with her secret, ran forward, and her face all aglow with the pleasure she was to confer, exclaimed,

"Oh, Cap'n Hale! I know something that you don't; guess what it is?"

"Wa'al I guess you know a good deal that I don't, my lass," returned the Captain, regarding her admiringly.

"Oh, but this is something I have only just heard—something I came back to tell you."

"Lyddy, it ain't—"

"Yes it is, the *Barcelona's* got in, and Tom is here. Ben told me."

"Well, I'd no idee she'd fetch up till to-morrer. Did you see her, Ben?"

"Yes, I sighted her with my glass an hour ago, and just now I saw her putting in for shore."

They were all three walking on in one direction, with the same destination in view—to see the *Barcelona* when she landed. And presently the Captain broke out with, "I declare I'm much obleeged to ye, Lyddy, for turning back for me. I *should* 'a felt dredful cut up to 'a missed the landing o' the *Barcelony*."

And the old man cast a look of gratitude on Lydia. And Lydia thought, "If I had known it an hour ago I shouldn't have waited for chance to tell you." She next thought, she was making excuses for handsome Ben Thatcher. Men never think of these things as women do; and Ben was so full of other interests.

At last the great ship is fast at her moorings, and those on board of her come hurrying off. And there is Tom Hale; Captain Tom, who is so glad and proud of his successful voyage. He comes down gayly, and Lydia sees that his father's eyes are blinded with tears. How glad she is for him; but who is that following Captain Tom? A dark, slender stranger, unlike any one she has ever seen. Not handsome like Ben Thatcher, but slight and brown, as if all the tropic airs had kissed his cheek.

No, not handsome like Ben Thatcher, thought Lydia; but as he came on shore, not hastily like the others, but with a slow serenity of movement and expression, Lydia fancied he might be like those soft-eyed Spanish cavaliers who wander, stately and silent, through the stately arches of the Alhambra, and she felt a little curious about him, a little interested, just as she might be about any of the new strange things that the ship had brought over from the strange countries it had touched.

Then she shook hands with Captain Tom, and heard him say, "Here is a friend of mine, Lydia, whom I want you to know. Mr. Mayne, Miss Nelson."

Lydia was the least in the world disappointed that the name was a common English one. She had been expecting to hear some soft southern intonations to match the soft southern air. But home again through the woods and the meadows, dusky with twilight, by the side of handsome Ben Thatcher, whom twilight had changed from a lordly and somewhat voluble youth into a gracious and fascinating companion, she forgot all about the stranger, and thought, as she laid her head upon her pillow that night, that Ben Thatcher was a splendid hero.

But when she fell asleep she dreamed of the Alhambra, and went wandering beneath its lofty arches with a dark-eyed cavalier, who spoke to her in slow, soft Spanish speech. Then she was standing upon the shore at home waiting for a ship to come in. And she saw it sailing toward her, a Spanish galleon with the royal colors streaming from the masts, and on the deck he of the soft dark eyes, waving his plumed hat to her, while

"—— bands of noble gentlemen"

bore him company.

And from this dream she was awakened by her mother's voice, calling, "Lyddy! Lyddy!" She sprang up with a start, rubbed her eyes, and said,

"And his name is only 'Mr. Mayne.'"

At breakfast her mother informed her that Cap'n Hale's Jo had been round to invite them all to a party at the Hale's, to meet Tom.

Lydia in her soft, blue muslin, with some of her mother's choicest geranium blooms in her hair and on her breast—deep scarlet flowers—was one of the prettiest sights to be seen that day; for it was an early summer party, where they strolled in the wood at the back of the house and fed sumptuously on fruit beneath the oaks and elms. And there her acquaintance began with Mr. Mayne. She stood with Tom Hale and Ben Thatcher picking strawberries one by one with her fingers from the dish she held. Grace Burnham, and Jenny Norris, and a Carrie and a Kate formed a part of the group, their musical names admitting of no such twisting as poor Lydia's. And while she was thinking just this somebody called, "Lyddy! Lyddy!"

She laughed, yet shook her shoulders in vexation.

"Why *did* they give me that hateful name of all names!" she ejaculated. "I detest it!"

"Lydia, Lydia, do you think that an ugly name?"

She looked up. It was Mr. Mayne who spoke. The rest did not hear; they went on talking their gay, noisy talk, unheeding this voice.

"Lydia, Lydia," he went on, repeating it over for the sound. "I like it."

Lydia, listening to that repeating, liked it too. What made him say it so differently from every body else? But she found that he did all things differently from others. She had never seen any one resembling him. He was so quiet, so unassuming, with a thoughtful air about him, even when he stood smiling at the gay nonsense of Grace Burnham. Even when he, in that low, deep-toned voice of his, rallied Tom Hale. And there was a far look in his eyes, too, as if he was half thinking of something else—something beyond that scene, something far away which responded to some deep interior thoughts. Lydia wondered, as she regarded him, if those distant glances comprehended the people around him, if he *saw* Grace Burnham or Jenny Norris, as his soft eyes dwelt vaguely upon them. But while she wondered the soft eyes met hers. He saw *her* at least; and was he reading her soul with that intent look?

Before the summer was over Ben Thatcher knew that he had a rival. He did not despise him, though all Tom Hale could say about him was, that he found him at Jamaica, an agent, he believed, for a wealthy sugar-planter; but any way the best fellow in the world—a perfect gentleman; and being out of health he had taken passage in his vessel.

Ben Thatcher was young, was self-occupied; but he knew enough of the world to know how much of a gentleman Mr. Mayne was. Therefore he did not despise his rival. As proof of which all the rest of the summer he devoted himself to one object—the winning of Lydia Nelson. No difficult task, it would seem, from the preference she had shown; but Lydia was not so much won in the beginning as she appeared. Another suitor, too, upon the scene—for no one knew quicker than Lydia that Ben Thatcher was rivaled—might have given her mind wider diversion.

But Ben Thatcher urged his suit more vigorously as the conquest looked more doubtful. He had one powerful ally.

Mrs. Nelson, keenly observant of the state of things, gave "Lyddy" "a piece of her mind" occasionally.

"How Lyddy could think of looking at that little black ingun of a man, when Ben Thatcher was any where round, was more than she could understand. There was Ben Thatcher, a match for any girl. Why he was twice as handsome as that foreign Mayne man, and then you knew where to find him. These foreigners were always uncertain; never knew whether you had a roof to cover you or not; but there was all Thatcherville to choose from if the big house on the hill gave out."

And so Mrs. Nelson, with her vision dazzled by Thatcherville and the big house on the hill, which at Squire Thatcher's death would descend to Ben; so she kept her eye upon the main chances, and continually held the dazzling picture before her daughter.

Ben was much the bolder wooer of the two. Perhaps, like Mrs. Nelson, he did not depend altogether upon his personal advantages, for the "worth o' th' siller" was in some way perpetually in the fore-ground. I will not say that Lydia was dazzled by this. She would have declared herself profoundly indifferent to mere money; but the power that it gave handsome Ben, the position it put him in, at once lordly and gracious, like a young king! Then it *was* flattering to be chosen by Squire Thatcher's son, independent of this; for the Thatchers from time immemorial had held the first place in Lowbridge.

Why did not Louis Mayne come forward and urge his claims more zealously, at least more persistently? Why, perhaps he thought that nature needed no helping. Perhaps he trusted all to her—and lost.

It was one night in the last of September that the die was cast. They were down to the beaches, four of them—Tom Hale and his friend, Ben and Lydia. There was a vessel lying close inshore for repairs—the *Barcelona*—and some one of them suggested that they should take one of the ship's boats and go out for a sail. The suggestion was acted upon, the boat unlashed, the sails spread; but for some reason it was not easy to bring her round to shore, so the only way was to descend from the ship's side. Lydia gayly declared herself fully equal to the emergency; and so she was, being reared by the sea, and a sailor's daughter; but the night was coming on, she could not see readily, and the little swinging ladder missed her foot. She swayed for a moment; and in that moment a wrench against the vessel disabled her clinging hand, and she was falling, when, swift and light of movement, some one caught her—a firm but gentle hold—a lighter spring, and she was placed in the boat. With eager demonstration Ben Thatcher followed.

"Lydia, Lydia, you have hurt yourself!"

For the fraction of a minute she turned her eyes to him who had just held her in his arms—to Louis Mayne. But was the night too dark, or did he fail to interpret that seeking glance? In that instant of time

"—— the good minute goes."

And young Thatcher, easy, eager, confident, was bending over Lydia, and expressing all tender concern and care; and Lydia—she had turned to him in a quick, sudden movement, and for a second her head sank to his shoulder.... Louis Mayne went down to the other end of the boat, and left them together. He took that movement, at that time, for a sure indication, a preference clearly expressed. She loved Ben Thatcher better than she loved him, for she trusted him involuntarily. If you had told Lydia that she had made a profound mistake, that one went forward, easy, eager, confident, because it was his nature to approach every thing easily and confidently, without particular reverence; and that the other lingered, because his own modesty, his tender deference of women, specially of one whom he held above others, made him slow to believe himself of interest, at least dear enough to her, to approach her nearly; if you had told Lydia this then, do you suppose she would have changed in any thing that she did? Do you suppose she would have chosen the other side? But no one told Lydia this, not even her own heart hinted it in the vaguest manner. And when she turned, half sick from pain, and some faint shadow of disappointment, from one who was so kind but cold, to one who waited with eager demonstration, she was half unawares. There was a little excitement about her heart which must be vented. And so for Louis Mayne

"—— the good minute goes."

And that night, after the sail, after the walk with Lydia to her home, Ben Thatcher went triumphantly on his way a successful wooer. And the night after that a great happiness came to Lydia—her father came safely in from sea.

Louis Mayne, when he saw this father, wondered no longer why the daughter was so fine of nature, nor where she got her gentle mien. In spite of the mother he had believed in the daughter, but now he believed in Lydia with a thrill of rejoicing for her father.

Captain Nelson might have been placed in the narrowest precincts of poverty, or thrown into dens of infamy, and still kept that taintless odor of a gentleman. One looking at him, this captain of a merchant vessel, might have wondered at his place there; and still more as they saw his helpmate. There came sometimes faint old rumors of family ruin, and injustice, and worldly defect in the days gone by. And, fainter still, a vague story of a dreary disappointment to a young man in the heyday of life.

It was a week, perhaps, after his return, that he was walking with Lydia down by the beaches. As they walked he talked with her about her engagement. Though he had given his consent to handsome Ben Thatcher's proposals, he was not so elated with the prospect as Mrs. Nelson was of the first match in the country round for Lydia.

"You're sure you love him well enough, Lydia?" he asked, half smiling, but looking into Lydia's face with serious eyes.

Lydia's blush and her bright smile seemed to satisfy him more than her assuring words.

Lydia said she believed she had always been in love with Ben since she was a little girl; but didn't her father feel satisfied with him?

Her father answered her:

"I am glad to have my Lydia happy, but young Mr. Thatcher is not the kind of man whom I can sympathize with most."

A cloud came over Lydia's face. Her father's quick glance saw it, and he added, in a reassuring way:

"But he is young yet, Lydia, and life will teach him a great deal." Then, after a little silence, he spoke again in a musing tone: "Lydia, I wonder you were not pleased with this Mr. Mayne. He's a fine fellow. I like him."

"Mother didn't. She said she was always suspicious of foreigners," answered Lydia.

"Foreigners!" exclaimed Captain Nelson in surprise. "What put that into your heads, child? Louis Mayne isn't a foreigner."

Then Lydia remembered that this was only a supposition grown into a certainty by want of contradiction.

"Yes, I know he came on with Hale from Jamaica, but that proves nothing....an agent for a sugar plantation did you say? Well, that might be."

There crept into Lydia's mind from this a spark of jealousy for her betrothed. She was half angry with Louis Mayne for presenting any contrast unfavorable to Ben Thatcher.

And so she fanned this spark into quite a flame, and in constant view of her handsome lover, and the object of all his flattering attentions, which to her inexperienced mind were still more fascinating, perhaps from the rather lordly way he took possession of her as he paid them, she got to taking something the same ground her mother had, and felt a secret irritation that any one should think of comparing her splendid generous Ben with that

dark and silent stranger, whom nobody knew any thing about, and who never expressed any interest in any body or any thing. She had forgotten that she had ever been, however, slightly attracted to this dark and silent stranger.

By November there were brisk preparations going on at Mrs. Nelson's for the marriage which was to take place the coming spring. And Mrs. Nelson's expectations were more than realized by the splendid new house that was rapidly being built on Thatcher Hill. But for this the house at home would have been lonely to Lydia, for her father had gone away again, and her brother Loring was at school. And who else went with her father? Who but Louis Mayne, who, when he said "good-by," bent over her hand and kissed it, saying:

"I hope you may be happy, Lydia."

And Lydia, in spite of herself, thought of the Spanish cavalier.

And Lydia *was* happy. Now and then a little shock of pain would thrill her as her young lover evinced some thoughtless trait of selfishness; but she pushed it out of her mind by some cogent reasoning, and remembered that her mother always said that men, specially young men, were more or less selfish. So she solaced herself. But the end of all this drew near. It was getting to be the last of winter. March was approaching, and in April they were to be married.

"Another April and you shall be in Rome, and I will show you my old quarters there, when Ned Frampton and I were abroad, Lydia. Ned is there now, and you must know each other; you'll like Ned, and Ned will like you. Yes, he'll rave about this yellow hair, Lydia, and want to paint you. And you shall go to Paris, Lydia. The Careys are there with their doll of a daughter whom they wanted me to marry; and you shall outshine her, little girl. You shall have Parisian taste to study this figure and complexion, and then they'll see if Ben Thatcher's country wife isn't more than a match for them;" and as he said this the young man bent and kissed the lovely face.

But Lydia was very silent. This kind of valuation and appreciation jarred upon her. As her lover kissed her cheek, with his confident air of possession, she suddenly remembered a kiss that was left upon her hand a few months before; a touch, tender, reverent, and unasking.

This was at the close of a fine March day, so fine that they set out soon after to walk to the post-office a mile away.

"Only one letter!" exclaimed Lydia, holding out her hand for the letter the postman took from the box.

"Only one," and the postman turned briskly to another applicant.

But this one Lydia little imagined what influence it was to have upon her life. What change and trial it was to bring her. She had just glanced at the post-mark—Fayal. It was from her father then. The handwriting escaped her attention.

At home taking it out the strange chirography startled her. At the expression of her face Ben Thatcher, standing near, came round and looked over her shoulder. His face changed too, but from different causes than hers.

"Fayal, and not from your father; I wonder—"

But Lydia had broken the seal, and was glancing down the page for the signature. A flash of color suffused her cheek into deep crimson, and she returned eagerly to the commencement. With absorbed attention she read on to the end, then, in an abstracted way, thrust it back into the envelope without a word. Without a word young Thatcher held out his hand for it. He had been accustomed to reading Captain Nelson's letters; any letters of Lydia's. Why not this? But it was evident he was not to read this. His color rose, and there was more than anger in his eye as she said, to him:

"Not this, Ben; it is a business matter between father and I. He could not write for a sprained wrist, so he got a friend to write for him."

Her hesitation was unfortunate. The color rose higher on her listener's cheek, the flame grew hotter at his heart. There was suspicion too in his mind.

"Who was this friend?" he asks, haughtily.

Now Lydia had plenty of softness; she had also plenty of spirit when occasion presented. It showed itself now. Some proud sense of her own right, as an individual and a lady, made her resent this demand. Her only reply, then, was utter silence. The most exasperating of all to an angry man. He bent forward.

"Lydia," he said, in a low tone of suppressed passion, "it has been the custom between us to read or show to each other our letters. You are my betrothed wife, and I think I may say that I have the right to know what this sudden secrecy means."

Lydia looked up.

"Ben, I have told you that it means a matter of business between my father and myself. I have no right to divulge what belongs to another."

"Yes, and you will not divulge the writer's name; that, too, is a secret, I suppose. Do you think I can not guess? Do you think I do not know that it is that soft-spoken hypocrite, Louis Mayne?"

Lydia's eyes fell, and a deeper blush crimsoned her face. This brought conviction and confirmation of suspicion. Ben Thatcher was furious. Obeying a mad impulse he came toward her and laid a violent grasp upon the letter she was still holding.

A little cry broke from her of amazement and indignation; then her supple fingers slipped from his, and the fatal missive lay upon the burning coals of the hearth.

"So that is the way, is it?" he said, in a hoarse tone, and his look was full of hard, angry determination. "That is your way; that is what I am to expect from my wife. I wish you joy, Lydia Nelson, of your correspondent."

He bowed to her with sardonic passion, and the next moment she was alone.

For a little while her indignation sustained her; then stole into her loving tender heart a gentler tide of emotion. She *had* been to blame as well as Ben. If she had been more open in her explanation—if she had said at once, "This letter is written by Louis Mayne for my father, because he is unable to write himself, to give me some business messages and directions which he did not wish given to any body else," she was sure it would all have been right. But she had been embarrassed, had hesitated, and finally got angry herself.

No wonder this all looked strange to Ben. Well, he would come round by the next day and then she would explain to him. Yet all the time Lydia made these excuses for her lover she was trying to hide the painful fact that he had been ungenerous and ungentlemanly. He did not come round the next day. He was carrying it very far, she thought. Yes, he was carrying it farther than she imagined. By night of the next day she knew how far.

She was sitting by the parlor fire, waiting and wondering, when a step sounded outside. She started up with a weight off of her heart, and flung wide the door. But the weight settled down again heavier than ever as she looked. It was the father instead of the son. What dire misfortune sent old Squire Thatcher out in that inclement weather, for the March night was shutting down over the hills, with driving sleet and snow? He saw her glance of disappointment, and said:

"No, it isn't Ben, Lydia!" Then he had taken her hand, had drawn her into the parlor, and shut the door carefully between themselves and all others.

"Lydia, there's been a quarrel between you and Ben; and—and he's acted like a fool or a brute, child. He's gone off with Jack Bingley in his yacht to the West Indies."

All the color left Lydia's cheeks.

"But—but—he will come back—he will—" and Lydia stopped her ideas in a vague sense of confusion.

"No, my child, he will not come back. He means revenge by this. The Thatcher devil is ruling him now, and it will carry him through. He will not come back till long after the appointed wedding-day, Lydia."

Lydia did not swoon, but the look of helpless pain, of wounded womanhood that she lifted to her companion, smote his heart. He had never been counted a very soft man; there had always been said to be more of iron than any more pliant material in his composition; but now, as he stood there, his face was expressive with feeling.

"I wish my father was only with me," faltered Lydia at length, as her trouble gained ground.

The old Squire bent down and took her to his breast.

"My little girl," he said, gently, "I can never be to you, even as a friend, what Loring Nelson can be, and I wish with all my heart he was here; but I will be to you what I can. Can you tell me about it, Lydia—this quarrel?"

She told him the whole story, taking more blame than she need. But her listener was a clear-sighted man. He saw the truth.

"So, so, it is as I thought," he mused aloud.

Then to her:

"Lydia, as I told you, the Thatcher devil was ruling him. You do not know what that means, child; but it is a devil, a cursed devil of selfish iron-will that must rage itself out. It has been the curse of our family; but I did hope it had spent its force in my own generation. Lydia, my girl, your father knew what it was too well, and he feared us. He was not over-pleased with your choice, child."

Lydia wondered vaguely, in the half-stunned state in which she was, how he knew that. He seemed to read her thought, and shook his head with some melancholy remembrance, while he went on lower of tone:

"Lydia, years ago your father was to have married my sister. In some mad passion of jealousy—for less cause than this between you and Ben—she broke with him. More than that, she covered his name with obloquy, and—we were living then in New Orleans—in her relentless frenzy, she involved him in a duel which blighted his youth. It was the Thatcher blood; at some time or other, Lydia, it has ruled us all, and wrought us ruin. He knows it, and feared for you, but, noble soul, he would not meddle with two lives lest injustice should be done. Do you wonder, Lydia, he did not look with favor upon your marriage?"

Lydia felt stunned and helpless. She knew not where to turn for succor, with all this crowding misery. But the recital had done her this good at least; it had carried her thought out of herself to her father—that dear and noble father; and if she felt lonely and insulted in her womanly dignity by the desertion of her betrothed, *his* father's tender and avowed sympathy would smooth some outward trial. She thought of this even then.

After, when alone, reading over in her mind the fatal letter, which was so brief and clear that no word was lost, neither the form of address, nor the "I hope you are well, Miss Nelson, and will remember that I send always my best wishes."

And waiting for her father to come, April came, and the day that was to have been her wedding-day. It rose out of a dark and stormy night, a dark and stormy day of wind and rain.

"A hard storm this for vessels on our coast," said old Captain Hale, as he dropped in at Mrs. Nelson's on his way past.

Lydia gave a sigh of thankfulness. It was not yet time to expect her father.

"An ugly wind for a ship." And the old sailor shook his head at the wild howling nor'easter. "Wa'al, I guess I'll go down to Light-house Pint and take a look through Meachum's glass."

"Stop a minute, please, Cap'n Hale, and I'll go with you."

"Lyddy Nelson, you'll ketch your death," admonished her mother.

"Oh, let the lass go, Miss Nelson. I guess she's been out in as bad weather's this."

Lydia was grateful for this word in her favor, grateful too for the sympathy she knew it proceeded from. The weather-beaten old mariner, as he used to say afterward, knew she was pining on that day. Yes, it was a dreary day to Lydia. She was glad to get away from the lonesome house, so full of associations of pain.

"She always would have her own way," remarked Mrs. Nelson, nodding to the Captain as they set out.

"I can't make her out, Meachum, she pitches and rolls so; but she's a tight craft, and it's a good skipper she has to hold on so."

"Here, my eyes are better'n yourn, Cap'n; I'll take a look. Ye-s, she's gained a little—steady, my hearties: there—there—no, there comes that cussed breaker. Cap'n!"

Captain Hale came nearer. Meachum bent down and whispered in a low, awe-struck whisper. The old sailor's eyes glared with something like defiance as he heard,

"I tell you it can't be—she ain't expected for weeks yet."

But he nevertheless seized the glass from Meachum's hands. Lydia, standing a little apart waiting for a chance to look again, wondered why Captain Hale was so long—wondered why he said nothing. And all the time the storm was growing fiercer, and she was thanking Heaven in her heart that it was not time for the *Macedonia*—her father's vessel. The moments went by, and still the Captain held his place, silent, motionless.

"Cap'n Hale, let *me* look, please," asked the soft voice of Lydia.

"It's no use, my girl—it's no use," muttered the Captain, huskily.

"But my eyes are better than either yours or Mr. Meachum's, Cap'n."

At this moment, through the sullen roar of the wind, boom! boom! went a great gun.

"Not a boat could live on this sea," said Meachum.

"Tisn't our boats they're arter; they know that well enough. There's another craft in her sight—one o' them little sailing crabs from the banks that'll weather any thing. If they can only hold out till she gets a little nigher—and they will if another breaker don't swallow 'em."

An anxious silence fell upon the three there. Farther down the shore Lydia could see men hurrying to the beach at that signal of distress. And again, boom! boom! boom!

"Lord ha' mairey!" groaned Captain Hale, turning with a white face from his position. Lydia was just behind him, but he did not see her till she stooped forward. He sprung to her side.

"Don't, don't, lass—'tain't no use;" and he put his broad palm over the outer end of the glass.

"What is it, Captain Hale, what is it you don't want me to see?"

And Lydia's face was perplexed and scared.

"Tain't no use, 'tain't no use," the old sailor kept muttering. "She's got to know somehow, Cap'n," said Meachum, in an undertone.

Lydia heard all this, and in a strange, bewildered way again bent down to the glass.

As Meachum had spoken the Captain's hand had slipped for a second, and she saw—a ship breaking to pieces far out upon the rocks there, and upon the shattered bows were the letters, MACEDONIA.

For a moment a silence like death, then such a cry from those quivering white lips as those who listened never cared to remember. A cry that seemed to rise over all the raving of the tempest in its sharp despair as,

——a great ship full in sight
Beat her heart out on the rocks.

She sat by the window sewing; a fragile-looking creature, with no color in the thin cheeks, and the sad lips but faintly tinged. She who a year ago was full of the warm hues of health and youth. A year ago. It seemed so long, so very long since that time. Then she knew grief and loss only by name, now it sat beside her—a constant companion. Yes, a constant companion since that day of horror when the *Macedonia* and all on board of her went down to death. Sitting there she glances up at the shadow that is falling on the path. It is the shadow of some one approaching the house. There is a knock upon the door; she rises, and opening it stands face to face with—Louis Mayne. Louis Mayne, her father's friend. Her eyes brighten at this thought, and she puts out two hands for greeting—two hands that cling to his, and she can not speak for tears. He does not misunderstand.

"You got my letter? I wrote as soon as I heard: and Lydia, my poor child, I should have come on, but—but I thought you had a better comforter. I did not know all—until—"

She shivered.

"No, no! no better than you, Louis; my father loved you. Tom Hale has told me what you were to him."

He sat down beside her, and for the first time since her bitter loss she knew what it was to have perfect calm and sympathy, as she talked and listened.

He told her of her father's restless presentiment of ill, which prompted him to send without delay those messages and directions for her use. How the presentiment grew until it ended in that fatal voyage.

"I must go home; something calls me," he had said.

"And he went home—to God," said Lydia, softly.

The days sped on, and with her father's friend Lydia found a companionship so kind and untiring, so fine and congenial that rest and peace seemed to shine for her once again.

Her father's friend. She did not know how much more until one day he spoke of going away—going back to Jamaica.

"Going away," she repeated, absently, "I never thought of that;" and the look she cast upon him gave his heart a wild thrill. What if?—

"Lydia;" what he said may never be written. It was the story of his love from the first.

And Lydia? Lydia loved him. You shall see how well.

Touching at Cuba Jack Bingley staid for a few days, then, obeying the restless will of his companion, sailed out into the Gulf, and, cruising in the Atlantic, finally landed at Havre, from thence to Paris, where were the Careys with their doll of a daughter whom they wished him to marry.

It was here, while trying to kill time and ease his hungry heart by amusing himself with Juliet Carey, that he heard of that fearful tragedy of the *Macedonia*. It was long after—an old story when it reached him, but it changed all the hard current of his thought, vainly had he tried to forget Lydia. He could not. And now he saw her desolate and suffering. He seized the opportunity which this seemed to afford him for reconciliation, and without a word of farewell to his friends started for home.

Arrived there, he heard news that beat back for a moment his vehement will. To lose Lydia after all? No, she had loved him, she would forget the past. His was the first claim. This was the way he argued to himself.

Lydia knew nothing of what awaited her, knew nothing of his return, until one night at sunset she was coming home from Captain Hales, quite alone, and a tall figure suddenly appeared before her. She did not exclaim, but stood regarding him with a half-terrified expression, which he misunderstood. All the trouble of her life seemed to date from him. And there by the stone-wall, where the honeysuckles clambered in the lane that had once been their favorite tryst, he plead his cause. Passionate pleading, never so vehement and eager as now.

"Give him up, Lydia. You loved me first. I have the first claim upon your heart. I know I behaved like a devil, Lydia; but I was mad with jealousy. It was *because* I loved you, Lydia. Oh, Lydia, you only can make me better. I shall be a ruined man without you."

So he went on, now melting into tearful tenderness of love, now mournful with remorse, now intense with eager passion.

Through it all she said no word; but her eyes were full of tears, and a pitiful look of anxious woe upon her face.

It was her young lover, him whom she had known since early boyhood—whom she had admired, long before she had loved him, as the ideal of her youth. Is it any wonder that, as he plead with her there, with that breathless earnestness for what she only could give, that her heart was troubled? So troubled that she thought alone of him—of his remorse and suffering, and hardly knew how faintly she denied him, as she begged him to leave her then.

But for him, there was confident hope upon his brow as he stooped and kissed the hand he held. And as he obeyed the letter of her words by leaving her there, he left in triumph to claim her again. She should see that he would not be ungenerous in the smallest requirement now. These were his thoughts. As he turned the bend of the road she leaned wearily against the wall. It was then a voice called, in a low tone,

"Lydia!"

That low, clear call she remembered when she first heard its intonations. It had a sound like her father's voice in it—strange she had never heard it before!

"Lydia," the voice went on, "I have been an involuntary listener to what has passed. I was waiting for you under the oak behind the wall here when I heard him talking. My poor child, how your life is tossed! But this is not what I want to say. It is this, Lydia: If the old love is the stronger—if you find it has come back with his coming—do not let any thing you have said to me fetter your free choice. Be happy, Lydia!—that is better than all else."

He waited for her to speak, but she only stood there with downcast eyes, breathing a little unequally. He thought she hated to speak and give him pain, so again he called her name in even a lower tone than before, as if he would reassure her.

"Lydia!"

Had she ever thought that name an unlovely one? It sounded sweeter than any now.

"Lydia!"

As she raised her eyes she realized that, through much sorrow, she had found more than consolation at last. It was the voice she had waited for all her life—the voice of her dreams. He was the truest gentleman she had seen save one, and that one went down to death in the *Macedonia*.

"Lydia!"

What was it he saw in her face that changed the pain which quivered over his own to a flash of joy? What was it that she expressed by that silent gesture of her slender hand that made him cease all question—that made him exclaim, in his softest, deepest tone—"*My* Lydia?"

As he went home with her through the "purples and the saffrons" of the sweet October weather, he thought continually of that line:

"As I love, loved am I."

So Lydia made her choice.

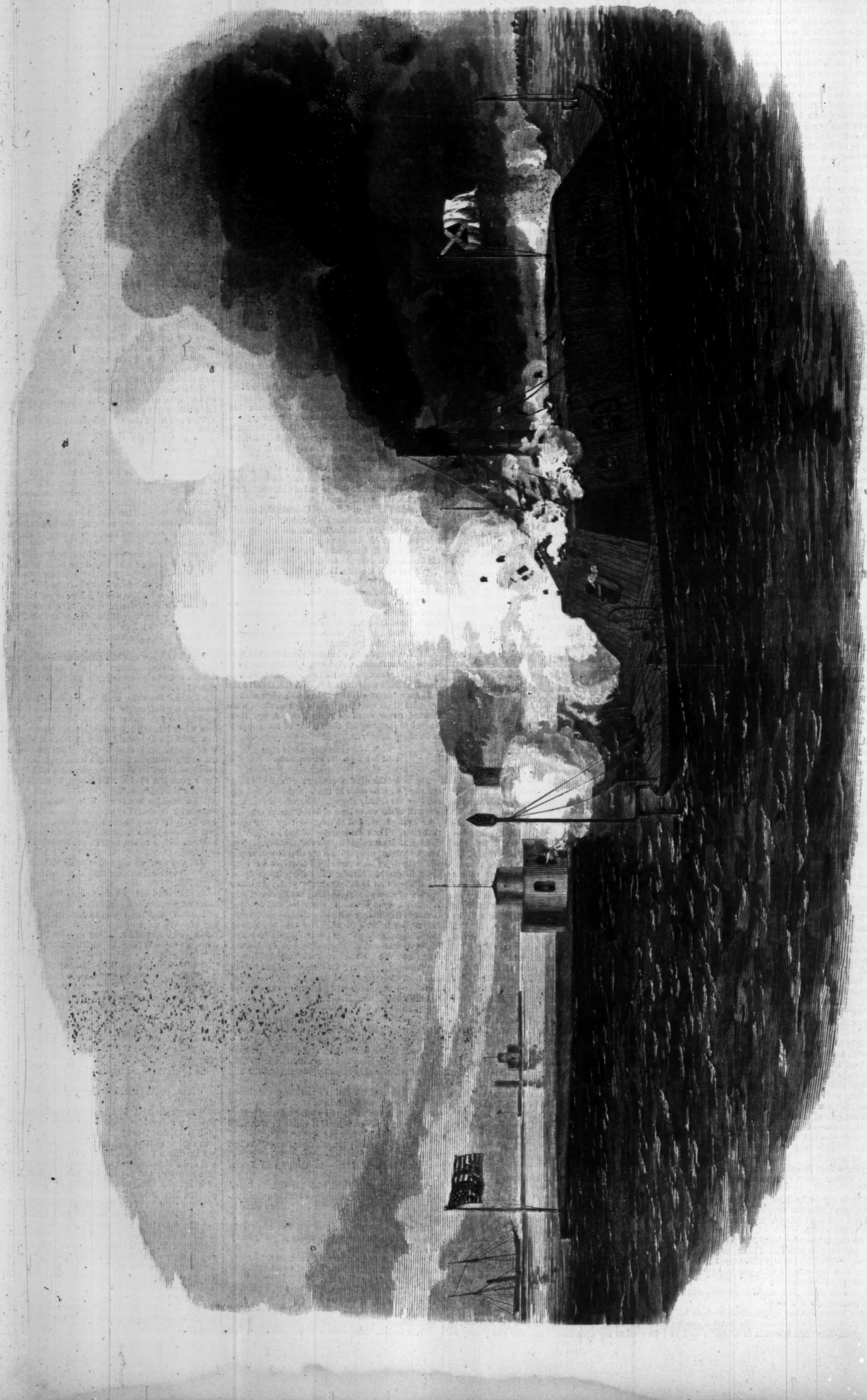
"And you're not a foreigner, after all we thought."

"You thought I was both that and a sugar-planter's agent, Mrs. Nelson—a species of undisciplined slave-driver!" And Louis Mayne's laugh was mellow as the old Canary in the glass he held. "I am not a foreigner, if birth on New England soil and a New England father can give me American nativity; but my mother was the daughter of a Spanish Don, and the sister of the sugar-planter, Mrs. Nelson."

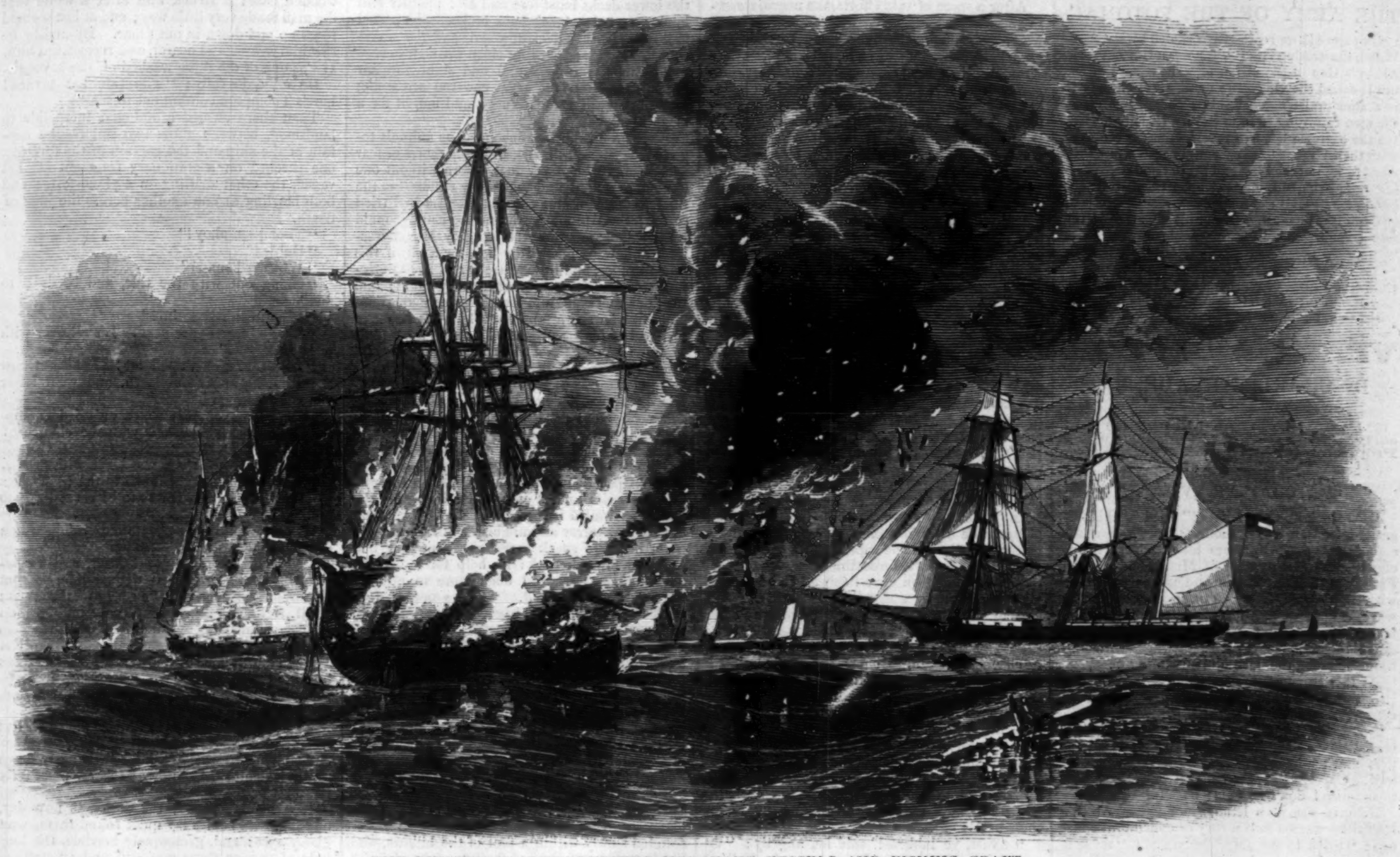
Lydia thought of the Spanish cavalier, and Mrs. Nelson looked half suspicious still, until he added:

"The only claim my mother's land has upon me is the charm of association and an old estate on the Guadalquivir. This is much, I own. Ah, Lydia, you shall see the Alhambra some day!" And Lydia thrilled at the name. "But here," he went on, "in the land of my father—in beautiful, free America—is my home!"

And while they roamed beneath those wide arches, or sailed up the Guadalquivir, a selfish, reckless man in an imperial city rushed down the stream of pleasure.



CAPTURE OF THE REBEL IRON-CLAD "ATLANTA" BY THE MONITOR "WEEHAWKEN," CAPTAIN RODGERS.—From a Sketch by B. J. S.—[See Page 443.]



THE PIRATE "TACONY" BURNING MERCHANT VESSELS AND FISHING CRAFT.

THE PIRATES OFF NEW ENGLAND.

We publish herewith a picture of the rebel privateer *Tacony* burning a merchant vessel, and preparing to make a foray among fishing craft; and likewise an illustration of the explosion of the revenue cutter *Caleb Cushing* near Portland. The story of these pirates may thus be briefly told:

Lieutenant Reed, who commanded the *Tacony*, left Mobile in the *Florida* on 16th January last. From that time up to May 6th the *Florida* burned eleven vessels and bonded three. On 6th May she captured the brig *Clarence*, which was converted into a pirate, and Lieutenant Reed was put on board of her. She burned three vessels; then captured the *Tacony*, to which craft Reed transferred his men and guns, and burned the *Clarence*. The *Tacony* fairly ravaged our coast, burning ships, barks, and fishing craft alike. On 24th June, fearing that the *Tacony* would be recognized and captured, Lieutenant Reed transferred his crew to the schooner *Archer*, which he had captured. In this vessel he boldly ran into the harbor of Portland in the night, and, with two boats' crews, boarded and cut out the revenue cutter *Caleb Cushing*. When daylight broke, and the people of Portland discovered the absence of the cutter, they quickly manned two steamers and gave chase. Coming up with her about twelve miles from Portland, fire was opened; but the steamers evincing an intention to board her at once, Reed took to the boats, fired the cutter, and blew her up. The boats were picked up by the steamers, and the pirates safely lodged in Fort Preble, where they will have time for repentance.

THE REVENUE CUTTER "CALEB CUSHING" BLOWN UP BY REED AND THE OTHER PIRATES WHO HAD SEIZED HER.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

On page 445 we reproduce a sketch by Mr. A. R. Waud, illustrating THE BATTLE NEAR UPPERVILLE, Ashby's Gap in the distance. The square inclosure is called the vineyard; on the right on the rise is a stone-wall; against this a charge was made, the men returning to form again a little to the left. On the extreme left five rebel regiments came out with their large flags to charge our men before they could form, but the First and Sixth regulars, sweeping round the hill, charged upon them while the band played Hail Columbia.

Captain Tidball and two of his guns are in the fore-ground.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XVII.

"ON deck for your lives!" cried Dodd, forgetting in that awful moment he was not the captain; and drove them all up, Robarts included, and caught hold of Mrs. Beresford and Freddy at their cabin door and half carried them with him. Just as they got on deck the third wave, a high one, struck the ship and lifted her bodily up, canted her round, and dashed her down again some yards to leeward, throwing them down on the hard and streaming deck.

At this tremendous shock the ship seemed a live thing shrieking and wailing, as well as quivering with the blow.

But one voice dissented loudly from the general dismay. "All right, men," cried Dodd, firm and trumpet-like. "She is broadside on now. Captain Robarts, look alive, Sir! Speak to the men! don't go to sleep!"

Robarts was in a lethargy of fear. At this appeal he started into a fury of ephemeral courage: "Stick to the ship," he yelled; "there is no danger if you stick to the ship," and with this snatched a life-buoy, and hurled himself into the sea!

Dodd caught up the trumpet that fell from his hand, and roared, "I command this ship. Officers come round me! Men to your quarters! Come, bear a hand here, and fire a gun! That will show us where we are, and let the Frenchmen know."

The carronade was fired, and its momentary flash revealed that the ship was ashore in a little bay; the land abeam was low and some eighty yards off; but there was something black and rugged nearer the ship's stern.

Their situation was awful. To windward huge black waves rose like tremendous ruins and came rolling, fringed with devouring fire; and each wave, as it charged them, curled up to an incredible height and dashed down on the doomed ship—solid to crush, liquid to drown—with a ponderous stroke that made the poor souls stagger; and sent a sheet of water so clean over her that part fell to leeward, and only part came down on deck, foretaste of a watery death; and each of these fearful blows drove the groaning, trembling vessel farther on the sand, bumping her along as if she had been but a skiff.

Now it was men showed their inner selves.

Seeing Death so near on one hand, and a chance of escape on the other, seven men proved unable to resist the two great passions of Fear and Hope on a scale so gigantic, and side by side. Bayliss, a midshipman, and five sailors, stole the only available boat and lowered her.

She was swamped in a moment.

Many of the crew got to the rum, and stupefied themselves to their destruction.

Others rallied round their old captain, and recovered their native courage at the brave and hopeful bearing he wore over a heart full of anguish. He worked like a horse, encouraging, commanding, doing; he loaded a carronade with 1 lb. of powder, and a coil of rope, with an iron bar attached to a cable, and shot the rope and bar ashore.

A gun was now fired from the guard-house, whose light Robarts had taken for a ship. But, no light being shown any nearer on the coast, and the ship expected every minute to go to pieces, Dodd asked if any one would try to swim ashore with a line, made fast to a hawser on board.

A sailor offered to go if any other man would risk his life along with him. Instantly Fullalove stripped, and Vespasian next.

"Two is enough on such a desperate errand," said Dodd, with a groan.

But now emulation was up, and neither Briton, Yankee, nor negro, would give way: a line was made fast to the sailor's waist, and he was lowered to leeward; his venturesome rivals followed. The sea swallowed those three heroes like crumbs: and small was the hope of life for them.

The three heroes, being first-rate swimmers and divers, and going with the tide, soon neared the shore on the ship's lee quarter; but a sight of it was enough: to attempt to land on that rock, with such a sea on, was to get their skulls smashed like egg-shells in a moment. They had to coast it, looking out for a soft place.

They found one; and tried to land; but so irresistible was the suction of the retiring wave, that, whenever they got foot on the sand and tried to run, they were wrenched out to sea again, and pounded black and blue and breathless by the curling breaker they met coming in.

After a score of vain efforts, the negro, throwing himself on his back, went in with a high wave, and, on touching the sand, turned, dug all his ten claws into it, clenched his teeth, and scrambled like a cat at a wall: having more power in his toes than the Europeans, and luckily getting one hand on a firm stone, his prodigious strength just enabled him to stick fast while the wave went back; and then, seizing the moment, he tore himself ashore, but bleeding and bruised all over, and with a tooth actually broken by clenching in the convulsive struggle.

He found some natives dancing about in violent agitation with a rope, but afraid to go in and help him; and no wonder, not being seagulls. By the light of their lanterns he saw Fullalove washing in and out like a log. He seized one end of the rope, dashed in and grabbed his friend, and they were hauled ashore together, both breathless, and Fullalove speechless.

The negro looked round for the sailor, but could not see him. Soon, however, there was a cry from some more natives about fifty yards off, and lanterns held up; away he dashed with the rope, just in time to see Jack make a last gallant attempt to land. It ended in his being flung up like a straw into the air on the very crest of a wave fifteen feet high, and out to sea with his arms whirling, and a death shriek which was echoed by every woman within hearing.

In dashed Vespasian with the rope, and gripped the drowning man's long hair with his teeth; then jerked the rope, and they were both pulled ashore with infinite difficulty. The good-natured Frenchmen gave them all three lots of vivats and brandy and pats on the back: and carried the line for them to a flag-staff on the rocks nearer the stern of the ship.

The ship began to show the first signs of breaking up: hammered to death by the sea, she discharged the oakum from her opening seams, and her decks began to gape and grin fore and aft. Corpses of drunken sailors drowned between decks now floated up amidships, and washed and rolled about among the survivors' feet. These, seeing no hope, went about making up all quarrels, and shaking hands in token of a Christian end. One or two came to Dodd with their hands out.

"Avast, ye lubbers!" said he, angrily; "do you think I have time for nonsense? Folksel ahoy! axes, and cut away the weather shrouds!"

It was done: the foremast went by the board directly, and fell to leeward: a few blows of the axe from Dodd's own hand sent the mainmast after it.

The *Agra* rose a streak; and the next wave carried her a little further inshore.

And now the man in charge of the hawser reported with joy that there was a strain on it.

This gave those on board a hope of life. Dodd bustled and had the hawser carefully payed out by two men, while he himself secured the other end in the mizzen top: he had left that mast standing on purpose.

There was no fog here; but great heavy black clouds flying about with amazing swiftness extinguished the moon at intervals: at others she glimmered through a dull mist in which she was veiled, and gave the poor souls on the *Agra* a dim peep of the frail and narrow bridge they must pass to live. A thing like a black snake went down from the mizzen top, bellying toward the yawning sea, and soon lost to sight: it was seen rising again among some lanterns on the rock ashore: but what became of it in the middle? The darkness seemed to cut it in two; the sea to swallow it. Yet, to get from a ship going to pieces under them, the sailors precipitated themselves eagerly on that black thread bellying to the sea and flickering in the wind. They went down it, one after another, and anxious eyes straining after them saw them no more: but this was seen, that scarce one in three emerged into the lights ashore.

Then Dodd got an axe, and stood in the top, and threatened to brain the first man who attempted to go on the rope:

"We must make it taut first," said he; "bear a hand here with a tackle."

Even while this was being done, the other rope, whose end he had fired ashore, was seen moving to windward. The natives, it seems, had found it, half buried in sand.

Dodd unlashed the end from the bulwarks and carried it into the top, and made it fast: and soon there were two black snakes dipping shoreward and waving in the air side by side.

The sailors scrambled for a place, and some of them were lost by their own rashness. Kenealy waited coolly: and went by himself.

Finally, Dodd was left in the ship with Mr. Sharpe and the women, and little Murphy, and Ramgolam, whom Robarts had liberated to show his contempt of Dodd.

He now advised Mrs. Beresford to be lashed to Sharpe and himself, and venture the passage; but she screamed and clung to him, and said "I dare not, oh I dare not."

"Then I must lash you to a spar," said he, "for she can't last much longer." He ordered Sharpe ashore. Sharpe shook hands with him; and went on the rope with tears in his eyes.

Dodd went hard to work, lashed Mrs. Beresford to a piece of broken waterbutt: filled Fred's pockets with corks and sewed them up (you never caught Dodd without a needle; only, unlike the women's, it was always kept threaded). Mrs. Beresford threw her arms round his neck and kissed him wildly: a way women have in mortal peril: it is but their homage to courage. "All right!" said Dodd, interpreting it as an appeal to his protection, and affecting cheerfulness. "We'll get ashore together on the poop awning, or somehow; never you fear. I'd give a thousand pounds to know when high-water is."

At this moment, with a report like a cannon, the lower decks burst fore and aft: another still louder, and the *Agra's* back broke. She parted amidships with a fearful yawn, and the waves went toppling and curling clean through her.

At this appalling sound and sight, the few creatures left on the poop cowered screaming and clinging at Dodd's knees, and fought for a bit of him.

Yes, as a flood brings incongruous animals together on some little isle, in brotherhood of fear—creatures who never met before without one eating the other; and there they cuddle—so the thief Ramgolam clung to the man he had tried to rob; the Hindoo Ayah and the English maid hustled their mistress, the haughty Mrs Beresford, and were hustled by her, for a bit of this human pillar, and little Murphy and Fred Beresford wriggled in at him where they could: and the poor goat crept into the quivering mass trembling like an aspen, and not a butt left either in his head or his heart. Dodd stood in the middle of these tremblers, a rock of manhood: and when he was silent and they heard only the voice of the waves, they despaired: and, whenever he spoke, they started at the astounding calmness of his voice, and words: and life sounded possible.

"Come," said he, "this won't do any longer. All hands into the mizzen top!"

He helped them all up, and stood on the ratlines himself: and, if you will believe me, the poor goat wailed like a child below. He found in that new terror and anguish a voice goat was never heard to speak in before. But they had to leave him on deck: no help for it. Dodd advised Mrs. Beresford once more to attempt the rope: she declined. "I dare not! I dare not!" she cried, but she begged Dodd hard to go on it and save himself.

It was a strong temptation: he clutched the treasure in his bosom; and one sob burst from the strong man.

That sob was but the tax paid by Nature; for Pride, Humanity, and Manhood stood stanch in spite of it. "No, no, I can't:" said he: "I mustn't. Don't tempt me to leave you in this plight, and be a cur! Live or die, I must be the last man on her. Here's something coming out to us, the Lord in Heaven be praised!"

A bright light was seen moving down the black line that held them to the shore; it descended slowly within a foot of the billows, and lighting them up showed their fearful proximity to the rope in mid passage: they had washed off many a poor fellow at that part.

"Look at that! Thank Heaven you did not try it!" said Dodd, to Mrs. Beresford.

At this moment a higher wave than usual swallowed up the light: there was a loud cry of dismay from the shore, and a wail of despair from the ship.

No! not lost after all! The light emerged: and mounted, and mounted toward the ship.

It came near, and showed the black shiny body of Vespasian with very little on but a handkerchief and a lantern, the former round his waist, and the latter lashed to his back: he arrived with a "Yah! yah!" and showed his white teeth in a grin.

Mrs. Beresford clutched his shoulder, and whimpered, "Oh, Mr. Black!"

"Iss, Missy, dis child bring good news. Capn! Massah Fullalove send you his congratulations, and the compliments of the season; and take the liberty to observe the tide am turn in twenty minutes."

The good news thus quaintly announced, caused an outburst of joy from Dodd, and, sailor-like, he insisted on all hands joining in a cheer. The shore re-echoed it directly. And this encouraged the forlorn band still more; to hear other hearts beating for them so near. Even the intervening waves could not quite annul the sustaining power of sympathy.

At this moment came the first faint streaks of welcome dawn, and revealed their situation more fully.

The vessel lay on the edge of a sand bank. She was clean in two, the stern lying somewhat higher than the stem. The sea rolled through her amidships six feet broad, frightful to look at; and made a clean breach over her forward, all except the bowsprit, to the end of which three poor sailors were now discovered to be clinging. The after-part of the poop was out of water, and in a corner of it the goat crouched like a rabbit: four dead bodies washed about beneath the party trembling in the mizzen top, and one had got jammed in the wheel, face uppermost, and glared up at them, gazing terror-stricken down.

No sign of the tide turning yet: and much reason to fear it would turn too late for them, and the poor fellows shivering on the bowsprit.

These fears were well founded.

A huge sea rolled in, and turned the fore-part of the vessel half over, buried the bowsprit, and washed the men off into the breakers.

Mrs. Beresford sank down, and prayed, holding Vespasian by the knee.

Fortunately, as in that vessel wrecked long syne on Melita, "the hind-part of the ship stuck fast and remained immovable."

But for how long?

Each wave now struck the ship's weather quarter with a sound like a cannon fired in a church, and sent the water clean into the mizzen top. It hit them like strokes of a whip. They were drenched to the skin, chilled to the bone, and frozen to the heart with fear. They made acquaintance that hour with Death. Ay, Death itself has no bitterness that forlorn cluster did not feel: only the insensibility that ends that bitterness was wanting.

Now the sea, you must know, was literally strewed with things out of the *Agra*; masts, rigging, furniture, tea-chests, bundles of canes, chairs, tables: but, of all this jetsom, Dodd's eye had been for some little time fixed on one object: a live sailor drifting ashore on a great wooden case: it struck him after a while that the man made very little way; and at last seemed to go up and down in one place. By-and-by he saw him nearer and nearer, and recognized him. It was one of the three washed off the bowsprit.

He cried joyfully: "The tide has turned! here's Thompson coming out to sea."

Then there ensued a dialogue, incredible to landsmen, between these two sailors, the captain of the ship and the captain of the foretop; one perched on a stationary fragment of that vessel, the other drifting on a piano-forte; and both bawling at one another across the jaws of death.

"Thompson ahoy!"

"Hal-lo!"

"Whither bound?"

"Going out with the tide, and be d—d to me."

"What, can't ye swim?"

"Like a brass figure-head. It's all over with poor Jack, Sir."

"All over? Don't tell me! Look out now as you drift under our stern, and we'll lower you the four-inch hawser."

"Lord bless you, Sir; do, pray!" cried Thompson, losing his recklessness with the chance of life.

By this time the shore was black with people, and a boat was brought down to the beach, but to attempt to launch it was to be sucked out to sea.

At present all eyes were fixed on Thompson drifting to destruction.

Dodd cut the four-inch hawser, and Vespasian, on deck, lowered it with a line, so that Thompson presently drifted right athwart it: "All right, Sir!" said he, grasping it: and amidst thundering acclamations was drawn to land full of salt-water and all but insensible. The piano landed at Dunkirk, three weeks later.

In the bustle of this good and smart action, the tide retired perceptibly.

By-and-by the sea struck lower and with less weight.

At nine P.M. Dodd took his little party down on deck again, being now the safest place; for the mast might go.

It was a sad scene; the deck was now dry, and the dead bodies lay quiet round them, with glassy eyes: and, grotesquely horrible, the long hair of two or three was stiff and crystallized with the saltpetre in the ship.

Mrs. Beresford clung to Vespasian: she held his bare black shoulder with one white and jeweled hand, and his wrist with the other, tight. "Oh, Mr. Black," said she, "how brave you are! It is incredible. Why you came back! I must feel a brave man with both my hands, or I shall die. Your skin is nice and soft too. I shall never outlive this dreadful day."

And, now that the water was too low to wash them off the hawser, several of the ship's company came back to the ship to help the women down.

By noon the *Agra's* deck was thirty feet from the sand. The rescued ones wanted to break their legs and necks: but Dodd would not permit even that. He superintended the whole manœuvre, and lowered, first the dead, then the living, not omitting the poor goat, who was motionless and limp with fright.

When they were all safe on the sand, Dodd stood alone upon the poop a minute, cheered by all the sailors, French and English, ashore; then slid down a rope and rejoined his companions.

To their infinite surprise, the undaunted one was found to be sniveling.

"Oh dear, what is the matter?" said Mrs. Beresford, tenderly.

"The poor *Agra*, ma'am! She was such a beautiful sea-boat: and just look at her now! Never sail again: never! never! She was a little crank in beating, I can't deny it: but how she did fly with the wind abaft! She sank a pirate in the straits, and weathered a hurricane off the Mauritius; and after all for a lubber to go and lay her bones ashore in a fair wind: poor dear beauty."

He maundered thus, and kept turning back to look at the wreck, till he happened to lay his hand on his breast. He stopped in the middle of his ridiculous lament, wore a look of self-reproach, and cast his eyes upward in heart-felt gratitude.

The companions of so many adventures dispersed.

A hospitable mayoress entertained Mrs. Beresford and suite: and she took to her bed; for she fell seriously ill as soon as ever she could do it with impunity.

Colonel Kenealy went off to Paris: "I'll gain that any way by being wrecked," said he.

If there be a lover of quadrupeds here, let him know that Billy's weakness proved his strength. Being brandied by a good-natured French sailor, he winked his eye; being brandied greatly he staggered up; and butted his benefactor, like a man.

Fullalove had dry clothes and a blazing fire ready for Dodd at a little rude auberge: he sat over it and dried a few bank-notes he had loose about him, and examined his greater treasure, his children's. The pocket-book was much stained, but no harm whatever done to the contents.

In the midst of this employment the shadow of an enormous head was projected right upon his treasure.

Turning with a start he saw a face at the window; one of those vile mugs which are found to perfection among the canaille of the French nation; bloated, blear-eyed, grizzly, and wild-beast-like. The ugly thing, on being confronted, passed slowly out of the sun, and Dodd thought no more of it.

The owner of this sinister visage was André

Thibout, of whom it might be said, like face like life; for he was one of those ill-omened creatures, who feed upon the misfortunes of their kind, and stand on shore in foul weather hoping the worst, instead of praying for the best: briefly, a wrecker. He and his comrade, Jacques Moinard, had heard the *Agra's* gun fired, and come down to batten on the wreck: but lo! at the turn of the tide, there were gens d'armes and soldiers lining the beach; and the Bayonet interposed between Theft and Misfortune. So now the desperate pair were prowling about like hungry, baffled wolves, curses on their lips, and rage at their hearts.

Dodd was extremely anxious to get to Barkington before the news of the wreck; for otherwise he knew his wife and children would suffer a year's agony in a single day. The only chance he saw was to get to Boulogne in time to catch the *Nancy* sailing packet; for it was her day. But then Boulogne was eight leagues distant, and there was no public conveyance going. Fullalove, entering heartily into his feelings, was gone to look for horses to hire, aided by the British Consul. The black hero was up stairs clearing out with a pin two holes that had fallen into decay for want of use. Those holes were in his ears.

And now, worn out by anxiety and hard work, Dodd began to nod in his chair by the fire.

He had not been long asleep when the hideous face of Thibout reappeared at the window, and watched him: presently a low whistle was uttered outside, and soon the two ruffians entered the room, and, finding the landlady there as well as Dodd, called for a little glass apiece of absinthe: while drinking it they cast furtive glances toward Dodd, and waited till she should go about her business, and leave them alone with him.

But the good woman surprised their looks, and knowing the character of the men, poured out a cup of coffee from a great metal reservoir by the fire, and waked Dodd without ceremony: "Voici votre café, Monsieur!" making believe he had ordered it.

"Merci, madame!" replied he, for his wife had taught him a little French.

"One may sleep mal à propos," muttered the woman in his ear. "My man is at the fair, and there are people here, who are not worth any great things."

Dodd rubbed his eyes and saw those two foul faces at the end of the kitchen: for such it was, though called salle à manger. "Humph!" said he; and instinctively buttoned his coat.

At that Thibout touched Moinard's knee under the table.

Fullalove came in soon after, to say he had got two horses, and they would be here in a quarter of an hour.

"Well, but Vespasian, how is he to go?" inquired Dodd.

"Oh, we'll send him on ahead, and then ride and tie."

"No, no," said Dodd, "I'll go ahead. That will shake me up. I think I should tumble off a horse; I'm so dead sleepy."

Accordingly he started to walk on the road to Boulogne.

He had not been gone three minutes when Moinard sauntered out.

Moinard had not been gone two minutes when Thibout strolled out.

Moinard kept Dodd in sight, and Thibout kept Moinard.

The horses were brought soon after; but unfortunately the pair did not start immediately; though, had they known it, every moment was precious. They wasted time in argument. Vespasian had come down with a diamond ring in one ear, and a ruby in the other. Fullalove saw this retrograde step, and said, grimly: "Have you washed but half your face, or—is this a return to savagery?"

Vespasian wore an air of offended dignity: "No, Sar, these yar decorations come off a lady ob i cibilization: Missy Beresford donated em me. Says she, 'Massah Black'—yah! yah! She always nicknomnates dis child Massa Black—'while I was praying Goramighty for self and pickaninny, I seen you out of one corner of my eye admirationing my rings; den just you take em,' says dat ar aristocracy: 'for I don't admirationize em none; I've been shipwrecked.' So I took em wid incredible condescension; and dat ar beautiful lady says to me, 'Oh, get along wid your nonsense about colored skins! I have inspectionated your conduct, Massah Black, and likewise your performances on the slack rope,' says she, 'in time of shipwreck: and darn me,' says she, 'but you are a man, you are.' 'No, Missy,' says I, superciliously, 'dis child am not a man, if you please, but a colored gemman.'" He added, he had put them in his ears because the biggest would not go on his little finger.

Fullalove groaned. "And, of course, the next thing, you'll ring your snout like a pig, or a Patagonian; there, come along, ye darn'd—Anomaly."

He was going to say "Cuss," but remembering his pupil's late heroic conduct, softened it down to Anomaly.

But Vespasian always measured the force of words by their length or obscurity. "Anomaly" cut him to the heart: he rode off in moody silence and dejection, asking himself sorrowfully what he had done that such a mountain of vituperation should fall on him. "Anomaly!!"

They cantered along in silence; for Fullalove was digesting this new trait in his pupil; and asking himself could he train it out; or must he cross it out. Just outside the town they met Captain Robarts walking in; he had landed three miles off down the coast. "Hallo!" said Fullalove.

"I suppose you thought I was drowned?" said Robarts, spitefully; "but you see I'm alive still."

Fullalove replied: "Well, Captain; that is only one mistake more, I reckon."

About two English miles from the town they came to a long straight slope up and down, where they could see a league before them; and there they caught sight of David Dodd's tall figure mounting the opposite rise.

Behind him at some little distance were two men going the same way, but on the grass by the roadside, whereas David was on the middle of the road.

"He walks well for Jacky Tar!" said Fullalove.

"Iss Sar," said Vespasian, sulkily; "but dis 'analogy' tink he not walk so fast as those two behind him, cos they catch him up."

Now Vespasian had hardly uttered these words, when a thing occurred, so sudden and alarming, that the speaker's eyes protruded, and he was dumbfounded a moment; the next a loud cry burst from both him and his companion at once; and they lashed their horses to the gallop and went tearing down the hill in a fury of rage and apprehension.

Mr. Fullalove was right, I think: a sailor is seldom a smart walker; but Dodd was a cricketer, you know, as well: he swung along at a good pace, and in high spirits. He had lost nothing but a few clothes, and a quadrant, and a chronometer; it was a cheap wreck to him, and a joyful one: for peril past is present delight. He had saved his life; and what he valued more, his children's money. Never was that dear companion of his perils so precious to him as now. One might almost fancy that, by some strange sympathy, he felt the immediate happiness of his daughter depended on it. Many in my day believe that human minds can thus communicate, overleaping material distances. Not knowing I can't say. However, no such solution is really needed here. All the members of a united and loving family feel together, and work together—without specific concert—though hemispheres lie between: it is one of the beautiful traits of true family affection: now the Dodds, father, mother, sister, brother, were more one in heart and love than any other family I ever saw: woe to them if they had not.

David, then, walked toward Boulogne that afternoon a happy man. Already he tasted by anticipation the warm caresses of his wife and children, and saw himself seated at the hearth, with those beloved ones clustering close round him. How would he tell them Its adventures—Its dangers from pirates—Its loss at sea—Its recovery—Its wreck—Its coming ashore dry as a bone: and conclude by taking It out of his bosom, and dropping It in his wife's lap with cheer boys cheer!

Trudging on in this delightful reverie, his ear detected a pit pat at some distance behind him: he looked round with very slight curiosity, and saw two men coming up: even in that hasty glance he recognized the foul face of André Thibout: a face not to be forgotten in a day. I don't know how it was, but he saw in a moment that face was after him to rob him: and he naturally enough concluded It was their object.

And he was without a weapon; and they were doubtless armed. Indeed Thibout was swinging a heavy cudgel.

Poor Dodd's mind went into a whirl, and his body into a cold sweat. In such moments men live a year. To gain a little time he walked swiftly on, pretending not to have noticed them: but oh his eyes roved wildly to each side of the road for a chance of escape. He saw none. To his right was a precipitous rock; to his left a profound ravine with a torrent below, and the sides scantily clothed with fir-trees and bushes: he was in fact near the top of a long rising ground called "le mauvais côte," on account of a murder committed there two hundred years ago.

Presently he heard the men close behind him. At the same moment he saw at the side of the ravine a flint stone about the size of two fists: he made but three swift strides, snatched it up, and turned to meet the robbers, drawing himself up high and showing fight in every inch.

The men were upon him. His change of attitude was so sudden and fiery that they recoiled a step. But it was only for a moment: they had gone too far to retreat; they divided, and Thibout attacked him on his left with uplifted cudgel, and Moinard on his right with a long glittering knife: the latter, to guard his head from the stone, whipped off his hat and held it before his head: "but Dodd was what is called "left handed:" "ambidexter" would be nearer the mark; he carved and wrote with his right hand, heaved weights and flung cricket balls with his left. He stepped forward, flung the stone in Thibout's face with perfect precision, and that bitter impetus a good thrower lends at the moment of delivery: and almost at the same moment shot out his right hand and caught Moinard by the throat. Sharper and fiercer collision was never seen than of these three.

Thibout's face crashed; his blood squirted all round the stone; and eight yards off lay that assailant on his back.

Moinard was more fortunate: he got two inches of his knife into Dodd's left shoulder, at the very moment Dodd caught him in his right hand vice. And then one vengeful hand of iron grasped him felly by the throat; another seized his knife arm and twisted it back like a child's: he kicked and struggled furiously: but in half a minute the mighty English arm, and iron fingers, held the limp body of Jacques Moinard, with its knees knocking, temples bursting, throat relaxed, eyes protruding, and livid tongue lolling down to his chin: a few seconds more, and with the same stalwart arm that kept his relaxed and sinking body from falling, Dodd gave him one fierce whirl round to the edge of the road, then put a foot to his middle, and spurned his carcass with amazing force and fury down the precipice. Crunch, crunch! it plunged from tree to tree, from bush to bush, and at last rolled into a thick bramble and there stuck in the form of a crescent. But Dodd had no sooner sent him headlong by that mighty effort, than his own sight darkened, his head swam, and, after staggering a little way, he sank down in a state bordering on insensibility.

Meantime Fullalove and Vespasian were galloping down the opposite hill to his rescue.

Unfortunately André Thibout was not dead; nor even mortally wounded. He was struck on the nose and mouth: that nose was flat for the rest of his life, and half his front teeth were battered out of their sockets: but he fell, not from the brain being stunned, but the body driven to earth by the mere physical force of so momentous a blow: knocked down like a nine-pin. He now sat up bewildered, and found himself in a pool of blood, his own. He had little sensation of pain; but he put his hand to his face and found scarce a trace of his features; and his hand came away gory. He groaned.

Rising to his feet, he saw Dodd sitting at some distance: his first impulse was to fly from so terrible an antagonist: but, as he made for the ravine, he observed that Dodd was in a helpless condition: wounded perhaps by Moinard. And where was Moinard?

Nothing visible of him but his knife: that lay glittering in the road.

Thibout, with anxious eye turned toward Dodd, kneeled to pick it up: and in the act a drop of his own blood fell on the dust beside it. He snarled like a wounded tiger; spat out half a dozen teeth: and crept on tip-toe to his safe revenge.

Awake from your lethargy, or you are a dead man!

No. Thibout got to him unperceived, and the knife glittered over his head.

At this moment the air seemed to fill with clattering hoofs and voices, and a pistol-shot rang. Dodd heard and started, and so saw his peril. He put up his left hand to parry the blow; but feebly. Luckily for him Thibout's eyes were now turned another way, and glaring with stupid terror out of his mutilated visage: a gigantic, mounted fiend, with black face and white gleaming, rolling eyes, was coming at him like the wind, uttering horrid howls; Thibout launched himself at the precipice with a shriek of dismay, and went rolling after his comrade: but, ere he had gone ten yards, he fell across a young larch-tree, and hung balanced. Up came the foaming horses; Fullalove dismounted hastily and fired three deliberate shots down at Thibout from his revolver. He rolled off, and never stopped again till he splashed into the torrent, and lay there, staining it with blood from his battered face and perforated shoulder.

Vespasian jumped off, and with glistening eyes administered some good brandy to Dodd. He, unconscious of his wound, a slight one, relieved their anxiety by assuring them somewhat faintly he was not hurt, but that, ever since that "tap on the head" he got in the Straits of Gaspar, any angry excitement told on him, made his head swim, and his temples seem to swell from the inside:

"I should have come off second best but for you, my dear friends. Shake hands over it, do! Oh, Lord bless you! Lord bless you both! As for you, Vespasian, I do think you are my guardian angel. Why, this is the second time you've saved It. No, it isn't: for it's the third."

"Now you git along, Massa Capn," said Vespasian. "You berry good man, ridiculous good man: and dis child arn't no gardening angel at all; he ar a darned Anatomy" (with such a look of offended dignity at Fullalove).

After examining the field of battle, and comparing notes, they mounted Dodd on Vespasian's horse, and walked quietly till Dodd's head got better; and then they cantered on three abreast, Vespasian in the middle with one sinewy hand on each horse's mane; and such was his muscular power that he often relieved his feet by lifting himself clean into the air: and the rest of the time his toe but touched the ground: and he sailed like an ostrich: and grinned and chattered like a monkey.

Sad to relate neither Thibout nor Moinard was ended. The guillotine stood on its rights. Meantime, what was left of them crawled back to the town stiff and sore; and supped together —Moinard on liquids only—and vowed revenge on all wrecked people.

The three reached Boulogne in time for the *Nancy*, and put Dodd on board: the pair decided to go to the Yankee Paradise—Paris.

They parted with regret and tenderly like old tried friends; and Vespasian told Dodd, with the tears in his eyes, that, though he was in point of fact only a darned Anemone, he felt like a colored Gemman at parting from his dear old Captain.

The master of the *Nancy* knew Dodd well, and gave him a nice cot to sleep in. He tumbled in with a bad headache, and quite worn out; and never woke for fifteen hours.

And when he did wake he was safe at Barkington.

He and It landed on the quay. He made for home.

On the way he passed Hardie's Bank; a firm synonymous in his mind with the Bank of England.

A thrill of joy went through him. Now It *was* safe. When he first sewed It on in China, It seemed secure nowhere except on his own person. But, since then, the manifold perils by sea and land It had encountered through being on him, had caused a strong reaction in his mind on that point. He longed to see It safe out of his own hands, and in good custody.

He made for Hardie's door with a joyful rush, waved his cap over his head in triumph, and entered the Bank with It.

Ah!

THE CAPTURE OF THE REBEL IRON-CLAD "ATLANTA."

WE illustrate on page 440 the capture of the famous rebel iron-clad *Atlanta*, alias *Fingal*, by the monitor *Weehawken*, Captain Rodgers. Our picture is from a sketch by an attentive amateur now at Admiral Du Pont's head-quarters. A letter to the Washington *National Intelligencer* thus graphically describes the affair:

PORT ROYAL, June 19, 1863.

The capture in Warsaw Sound of the Confederate iron-clad *Atlanta*, alias *Fingal*, by Captain Rodgers, of the *Weehawken*, is a splendid affair, and the most important naval capture of the war. She is the finest and most powerful vessel the Confederates have ever had, and far more formidable than was the *Merrimac;* and the result of the action has proved the advantage and terrible efficacy of the 15-inch guns, and fully sustains the Department in the introduction of these guns, notwithstanding the great opposition to them.

The *Atlanta* came down with the most confident expectation of promptly capturing our iron-clads—the *Weehawken*, Captain Rodgers, and the *Nahant*, Captain Downs. She was first discovered approaching in the gray of the morning, when the *Weehawken* slipped her cable and stood down the Sound, but soon turned toward her gigantic opponent, closely followed by the *Nahant*. The *Atlanta* fired three of her heavy rifled guns before the *Weehawken* opened upon her with her 15-inch gun, throwing a solid shot of four hundred and forty pounds; that first shot virtually decided the action, for the terrible missile tore through her thick iron plating, backed by twenty-four inches of solid timber, as if it were stubble, and prostrated about forty of her crew, some by splinters, but the most part by the mere concussion, without being personally touched. One of her lieutenants told me he was struck down by it, and, though untouched, he could not get up for ten minutes. The next shot struck one of the iron port-stoppers, knocking it into fragments, and wounding seventeen men. The third shot smashed the top of the pilot-house, wounding two of the pilots, and stunned the two men at the wheel, prostrating the whole four on the floor of the pilot-house. The fourth shot struck her on the knuckle; that is, where the iron casemate joins at a sharp angle the iron plating of the side; and the fifth shot went through her smoke-stack. Every shot struck her, the precision of fire being admirable. The first gun was pointed by Captain Rodgers himself. After the fifth gun she hauled down her flag, and run up a white one. The whole thing, from the firing of the first gun, was over in fifteen minutes, and never were men so utterly confounded and surprised at a result as were her officers. So confident were they of success that two steamers came down to tow the prizes back to Savannah, and they were filled with ladies to witness the fight and certain victory.

The *Atlanta* has cost the rebel Government a million of dollars—of *our money*, not Confederate paper—and she is filled with valuable stores. Their plan was, after capturing the *Weehawken* and *Nahant*, to join the iron-clads in Charleston harbor, and raise the blockade of all the Southern ports; for they consider her as a sea-going cruiser. What infinite mischief has been saved by her capture, to say nothing of its great moral effect by demonstrating the immense effectiveness of our Monitors, and cowing the rebels in their future movements with their iron-roofed Merrimacs!

Captain Downs, in the *Nahant*, was gallantly endeavoring to run close alongside the *Atlanta*, so as to give her an effective fire at very close quarters, believing, from the advices they had of her, that his shot would not penetrate at a distance which was greater than that of the *Weehawken*, but the fight was so promptly settled that he had not the opportunity of firing a single shot, and the *Weehawken* only five.

The machinery of the *Atlanta* is untouched, and she will be at once added to this squadron; for her other injuries do not interfere with her active service.

This vessel has been a perfect thorn in the flesh; for she has required constant watching, and might at any time have taken advantage of the absence of the iron-clads on other service to come here and destroy all our wooden vessels, not only store-ships and transports, but also our wooden vessels of war; and great credit is due to her captors, for they handled their vessel with consummate skill, and the result is a cause of great and general congratulation throughout the squadron.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* gives the following elaborate account of the *Atlanta:*

The *Atlanta* is armed with six guns, one 7-inch pivot gun fore and aft, and two 6-inch guns on each broadside. These guns are all the Brooks guns, which, you will recollect, made such good execution against our iron-clads in the late attack on Charleston. They are also rifled, and throw that long steel-pointed missile of English manufacture. The *Atlanta* has two magazines, one fore and one aft, well protected, and upon opening one of them, five hundred rounds of ammunition were found in it. The other magazine is supposed to contain the same amount, and, indeed, her officers say that she has on board one thousand rounds. When you consider that one hundred rounds is a ship's regular armament you can not but conclude that the *Atlanta's* cruise intended some damage. She had also, in addition, a plentiful supply of torpedoes, cutlasses, boarding pikes, guns, revolvers, etc. Her armament is truly gigantic.

She has, inside, three decks; first, the gun-deck, 200 feet long by 40 wide; immediately below this is a deck 280 feet long, which is subdivided into the captain's cabin aft, ward-room, the petty officers' quarters, and forward the men's quarters. Below this deck is the third, the orlop-deck, in which are stored all the stores, provisions, etc. Immediately fore and aft of this deck are the magazines. The engines and their necessary complements of course occupy the centre of the vessel. These engines are the same which were in her when she ran the blockade as the old *Fingal*. They were built on the Clyde, and are models for their beauty and action.

First and on the outside were wrought-iron bars, six inches wide by two inches thick, running perpendicularly with her side, and properly secured, both above and below, by rivets and bolts. Across these bars, horizontally, and on the inside, ran bars of like material and pattern, fastened to the outside layer by the strongest rivets. Within this layer, and fastened to it, were two thicknesses of live-oak two-inch plank, also running perpendicularly and horizontally; and again within these were two more similar thicknesses of Georgia pine plank, forming the last series of her armor. You will thus see that her armor is twelve inches thick, and presenting all the solidity which could be given it by four inches of wrought-iron, four inches of live-oak, and four inches of Georgia pine.

Her port-holes, however, were made especially strong. Extra layers of iron and plank, so that the embrasure measures, from the inside to the outside, forty inches.

Her length from bow to stern-post is a small fraction over 300 feet. The gun-deck covering is, at its base, 200 feet long and 40 feet in width, and at its top 100 feet in length by 14 feet in breadth. You will thus see that her roof does not slope all the way up, but has a very respectable top deck. From the gun-deck to the roof the perpendicular height is 6 feet, and the sides of the roof sloping at an angle of forty-five degrees, the standing height is 8 feet. The lower edge of the roof is 20 inches above water-mark, so that she stands above the water about 8 feet. From her aft roof edge it is 50 feet to the stern-post, and from her fore roof edge it is also 50 feet to her bow. The distance from her gun-deck to her keel is 16 feet and a fraction over. Her steering apparatus is perfect, and her rudder completely submerged in the water, thereby being in the safest place imaginable. Her iron plating extends 2 feet below the water-line.

REVEILLE IN CAMP—5 A.M.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—SKIRMISH NEAR UPPERVILLE—ASHBY'S GAP IN THE DISTANCE.—[See Page 442.]

THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL FOOTE.—[Photographed by Brady.]

THE LATE ADMIRAL FOOTE.

We publish herewith a portrait of the late Rear-Admiral Andrew Hull Foote, who died in this city on 26th June.

The Admiral was born in New Haven, Connecticut, on September 12, 1806, and was consequently nearly fifty-seven when he died. He entered the navy in 1822, obtained a warrant of Midshipman in 1824, passed Midshipman in 1827, and Lieutenant in 1810. His services on board the *John Adams*, *Cumberland*, and other famous vessels of our navy are well remembered. In 1849 he obtained the command of the brig *Perry*, and was sent to the coast of Africa, where he took an active part in suppressing the slave-trade. In 1856 he took the command of the *Portsmouth*, and sailed for the East Indies. It was on that cruise that the affair of the Barrier Forts took place, which we find thus detailed in the *Herald*:

While retiring in his gig, on approaching the Canton barrier forts, mounting one hundred and seventy-six guns, the Chinese opened fire upon his boat, which Commodore Foote returned only with his revolver. A brisk fire was kept up upon his boat; but after passing the first fort he returned to his ship, rather than have his boat destroyed, as it otherwise would have been, and reported the outrage to the Commodore, urging him to vindicate the honor of our insulted flag by an attack upon the forts. On the following day, November 20, the *Portsmouth* and *Levant* moved up the river toward the fort; but, the *Levant* grounding, the *Portsmouth*, bearing the Commodore's flag, anchored under a brisk fire four hundred and ninety yards from the nearest fort, and for two hours and twenty minutes withstood, and finally silenced, the fire of the fort commonly known as the "Barrier Fort." The Commodore, who had been suffering from ill health, left the ship the next day and returned to Whampoa, and entered upon negotiations with Yeh, the late celebrated Governor of Canton. The *Levant*, getting afloat, ran up to the *Portsmouth* on the following day, and the two ships were kept in position ready to act as circumstances might require.

Early in the morning of the 21st the two ships opened fire upon the remaining forts, which was returned with a deal of spirit for the space of an hour, when Commander Foote, with Commanders Bell and Smith, landed a force of two hundred and eighty men, taken from the ships of the respective captains, and stormed the nearest and strongest fort. The following day the third and fourth forts were stormed and captured. The Chinese defended their forts with five thousand men, and in the first attack had killed and wounded about four hundred, while the Americans only numbered a loss of forty-four killed and wounded. These fortifications were built of granite, nine feet in thickness; but the famous 8-inch gun of sixty-three hundred weight, with the 8-inch shells, made a breach in the first fort through which the storming party could easily enter and take possession. The English and French were loud in their praises of the squadron for the result of this plucky fight; and as the *Portsmouth* dropped down the river, the *British Admiral*, Sir Michael Seymour's ship, as well as his Commodore's vessel, manned the rigging, and gave three rousing cheers for the *Portsmouth*, while their bands struck up "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle."

On his return to the United States he was appointed to the command of the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and in 1861 received his appointment as Captain. When the rebellion broke out, he was

MAJOR KIERNAN.—Photographed by Brady.—[See next Page.]

charged with the duty of fitting out the Mississippi Flotilla. How well he did that the history of the war is there to tell. The *Herald* says:

The fleet under Foote attacked and took Fort Henry on February 6, 1862, entirely unaided by the land-forces; captured the rebel batteries at Donelson on the 14th; hotly engaged for two hours, took possession of and occupied Clarksville, without the presence of a land-force, and, by its subsequent appearance before Columbus for several days, forced the rebels to evacuate their boasted Gibraltar, securing to us a bloodless victory. General Pillow telegraphed to Governor Harris from Donelson, on the afternoon of February 14, 1862, when the gun-boat fight was at its height, "The Federal gun-boats are destroying us. For God's sake send us all the help you can immediately. I don't care for the land-force of the enemy: they can't hurt us, if you can keep those iron hell-hounds in check."

* * * * * * *

On the Sabbath after the capture of Fort Henry quite a large congregation had assembled at the little Presbyterian church in Cairo. They waited a long time for the regular preacher to come and open the services, but waited in vain; and it soon became apparent that they were to go home sermonless. Just then the old Flag Officer, as he was then, appeared, went forward to the sacred desk, and opened the service with prayer. It was very hard for the audience to restrain their applause when he appeared in the aisle, coming as he did from the scene of strife, and the winner of a victory whose merits were upon every tongue; but, the first buzz of wondering over, the congregation bowed in silence and awe, the more marked because of the strangeness of the coincidence. Hardly forty-eight hours before the old veteran was hotly engaged in dealing death and destruction to the enemy at Fort Henry; now he stood before the people in the character of a preacher of the Gospel of peace. But the prayer was not all. After the hymn he took his text from Acts xiv., 1, and preached such a sermon as had not been heard before for years. Clear, calm, logical, he proved, in truly eloquent diction, that the happiness of man depended upon the condition of the heart, and not upon worldly prosperity or adversity. After the sermon the congregation vied with each other in endeavors to reach him to congratulate him upon his success in the late action; but the old veteran met them with a peculiar look, as much as to say, "This is the Sabbath-day, and this God's house, and no time or place to glory over the downfall of an enemy."

Throughout the whole time Admiral Foote commanded the Mississippi squadron its organization was perfect and its achievements brilliant. At the attack on Fort Henry, in February, 1862, he received a severe wound in the foot, from which he never fully recovered; but, struggling to keep up, he for a long time, despite the advice of his physicians, superintended the details of his important command, until it became apparent to himself that he must relinquish the charge of the squadron, and part with his officers, who so devotedly loved him. He was relieved by Captain C. H. Davis (now Admiral), and came on East to recruit his impaired health.

He received a vote of thanks from Congress, and his commission as Rear-Admiral bore date of July 16, 1862.

Notwithstanding his feeble health he earnestly desired active employment, and was appointed chief of the Bureau of Equipment at Washington, which post he vacated by direction of the department to supersede Commodore Dupont in command of the South Atlantic Squadron. He was on his way thither when he fell sick at the Astor House and died. The writer, from whom we have already quoted, thus describes his death-scene:

He lay on his death-bed as calm and complaisant as a man in the bloom of life, and but for the peculiar sound of his breathing one could have scarcely believed that he was passing away. It did not seem like the chamber of death. His life had been so exemplary, his trust in God so sure and steadfast, that one could but feel that this was but the journey to a better and a brighter land.

We left his room long after the daylight had darkened the gaslights, and when the earlier working people were hastening to their various stations, full of the pleasant thoughts which a review of his life had brought. Here was a man who never entered a battle but had, previous to undertaking the work, counted upon the lives of his officers and men; a man who held himself responsible to God for every life thrown away; a man addicted to no vices: pure in heart, living always a godly life, and one of the strong hopes of our naval service. He was now fast going to meet that Judge who would say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Later Saturday morning he rapidly failed; but after ten o'clock he revived, and was moderately comfortable during the middle of the day. His eldest son arrived during the day, and sat beside the bedside of his father during the whole of the day. During the earlier part of the evening the Admiral seemed to have gained considerable strength, and at times talked considerable, but his mind still wandered. Captain Rowan and Surgeon Williams were present, and watched him with tenderness and care. His feet were much warmer than they had been for some time, and it was thought he might live through the night.

From Saturday last up to the present time the Admiral changed but little, save that he had daily grown weaker, at times brightening up, and in a few hours afterward sinking. His system was one of great strength, and the disease had a powerful will and strong constitution to master.

Yesterday, however, he failed rapidly, and after sundown it was known that he could not live until midnight. The writer was present at his death-bed; which was surrounded by his family, Captain Sandford, and the attending servants.

At ten o'clock he sunk so rapidly that all present felt that his time was numbered by minutes. In appearance he was much wasted away, scarcely moving, and he looked calm and peaceful.

At eighteen minutes past ten o'clock he ceased to breathe, and his spirit winged its way to the God who gave it.

MAJOR KIERNAN.

MAJOR JAMES L. KIERNAN, whose likeness we give on page 445, is a New Yorker, a graduate in medicine of the University of New York, and before the war editor of the *New York Medical Press*, and Professor of Natural History and Physiology in the Public Schools.

He entered the army as surgeon of the 69th New York, and subsequently was in the 5th Kentucky, on General Frémont's staff; in the 3d Missouri State militia, a volunteer attached to the 1st Missouri cavalry, which had the advance in Curtis's pursuit of Price into Arkansas; and was, for services rendered, appointed on the 1st March, 1862, to the position which he has since held in the 6th Missouri cavalry.

When Major Kiernan entered this regiment, he was informed by Colonel C. Wright that though he was commissioned as Surgeon, yet he must fight as Major; that "he would have none but fighting men in his regiment, as the military necessities of frontier warfare required it."

Major Kiernan so well obeyed that Wright afterward declared that the only difficulty he had was in keeping him back from too recklessly exposing himself. Now on the wild scout, foremost in the dashing charge, or in the midst of the battle; again the kind, skillful surgeon, as many a poor wounded Western soldier can testify, he gained an equal name as surgeon and soldier.

At length, last November, the scene of his operations shifted from the barren hills of the Ozark range to the alluvial swamps of Southern Arkansas, Louisiana, and Mississippi, and with his regiment he was constantly on the scout on both sides of the River Mississippi, from Helena, Arkansas, to the country around Vicksburg.

Subjoined is an incident which is taken from the St. Louis *Democrat* of 9th ult. It is an extract from their Vicksburg correspondent, and speaks for itself:

It would be difficult to chronicle more bravery than has been shown, individually and collectively, by both officers and men, in the different battles from the time of the opening struggle near Port Gibson till now; but there is one exploit which, for its great *endurance and usefulness*, I must mention.

On the 6th of May five ambulances having been captured by the enemy, contrary to the rules of warfare, between Port Gibson and Rodney, Mississippi, six companies of the 6th Missouri cavalry, Colonel C. Wright, commanding, were ordered from Rocky Springs to recapture them or take, in case of failing to do so, the prominent citizens of the neighborhood where they were taken as hostages for their safe return.

This cavalry scout, proceeding through Port Gibson, reached Oakland College, within five miles of Rodney, a distance of forty miles from where they started, the evening of the same day; there they ran in the enemy's pickets and followed him up for some time, when they learned from reliable authority that the rebel cavalry, over twice their strength, were attempting to surround them. Having arrested the most prominent citizens around the neighborhood of Oakland College (which is four miles from James Creek, where it was ascertained the ambulances were taken) they fell back toward Port Gibson. Constant skirmishing was kept up the whole way, and Major Kiernan, 6th Missouri cavalry, was thrown from his horse, severely wounded in the shoulder. Having reached Port Gibson, they threw out heavy pickets, and held it from the time they arrived, two o'clock A.M. on the 7th, till ten o'clock A.M. Major Kiernan was, during this time, lying almost insensible at the hotel. At ten o'clock information was received by Colonel Wright that a superior force were stealing around the town (which is in a hollow surrounded by bluffs), when he left with his force to reconnoitre on a hill a couple of miles toward the Federal army. He had scarcely reached there when the rebel cavalry dashed into the town, "gobbled up" Major Kiernan's orderly and nurse, as well as his horse, etc. Some skirmishing took place, but after a while the Federals retreated, as so did the rebels, in contrary directions. The rebel cavalry visited Port Gibson again that night and attempted to parole the Major, but he declined; a rebel surgeon was attending him at this time.

On the third morning after this, while lying in bed, he overheard a conversation between a rebel officer and a citizen, who were talking beneath his open window. The drift was that a large rebel force, composed chiefly of cavalry and artillery, were about concentrating in Port Gibson for the purpose of capturing our trains. A very large commissary train, which they had information from spies, was about leaving Grand Gulf the next day for Grant's army, was a particular object in view.

Roused by the intelligence, which was confirmed by negroes who were about fleeing themselves, he managed to get up and struggled his way to the garden, thence by back lanes out of the town, and thence through the brush, crossing the Bayou Pierre on a log eight miles to Grand Gulf. He had taken the brush to avoid pursuers, whom he could perceive on the road as far as the Bayou Pierre. He reached Grand Gulf completely exhausted, but gave the information which was the means of saving a most valuable train.

Major Kiernan has been strongly recommended by all the leading officers of Grant's army, as well as by those of the Department of Missouri, and the Governors of Virginia, Illinois, and Indiana, to the President for promotion in the line.

He had a most agreeable interview with the President at the White House a few days since, and the President has his case in consideration.

THE SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON.

ON page 437 we reproduce three sketches by Mr. Hamilton, illustrating the progress of events at Port Hudson. Mr. Hamilton writes:

"The progress of the war is perpetually bringing into notice places hitherto scarcely known, even by name, beyond the few residents in their immediate vicinity. Springfield Landing is one of these. This spot is situated some seventeen miles above Baton Rouge, on the left bank of the river, and at present serves as a dépôt and landing for our troops, ammunition, etc., during their operations upon Port Hudson.

"It is astonishing what changes are instantaneously produced under the magical presence of an army; the most barren spot assuming in a day, as if by the wand of an enchanter, all the characteristics of a town or village. We present a view of Springfield Landing as it appears covered with army stores, ammunition, horses and wagons, artillery, etc., constantly disembarking and going onward to the field of action.

"In the distance the river takes a sudden bend to the right, where Port Hudson is located, and unseen from our present point of view. The *Monongahela*, *Richmond*, and *Genesee* are represented firing at the forts.

"Our two other sketches are faithful portraitures of two places selected as head-quarters in General Banks's present campaign. They are interesting merely as representations of Southern scenery, and of places suddenly brought into notoriety by the war."

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

WE continue, on page 436, to illustrate the progress of the siege of Vicksburg, from sketches by Mr. Theodore R. Davis. Mr. Davis writes:

"THE SAPS AND PARALLELS OF GENERAL M'PHERSON'S CORPS.

"Each hour's labor of our gallant men makes such a change in the scene that it must be a busy pencil that keeps before the readers of *Harper's Weekly* the workings of this regular siege.

"The skill that General M'Pherson has shown as an engineer officer gives a general confidence in the result.

"Men digging, day after day, under a sun whose ardent rays seem to give color to the story told of the maternal African, 'who, having left one of her progeny on the sunny side of a convenient sand-hill, found it necessary to gather the melting "Pick" into a wash-tub.'

"Certainly it is *very* hot, but our men work steadily, and with a comprehension of plan that is surprising. But to the description of the scene sketched. In the centre of the sketch, and directly over our advanced battery (Hickenlooper), is the 'rebel' work Fort Hill; still over this, and in the distance, Vicksburg is seen; too, in the distance, rises the smoke of our transports and gun-boats, marking the course of the great river for whose uninterrupted navigation this mighty labor is progressing.

"The trench or sap is at the moment just under the corner of the rebel work.

"To-morrow will see another sap. Maybe its results, borne by telegraph, will be published with this sketch."

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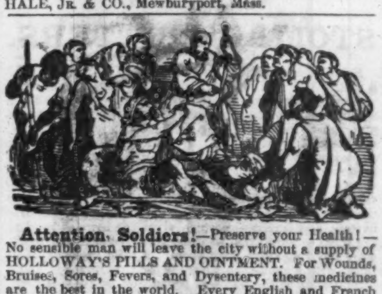

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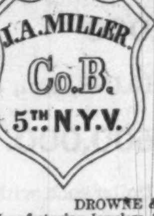

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